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SUNSET AFTER A WORKDAY.

The skies are dark, the rain drops fast,
The dreary ranks of toil file past.
The workroom's hum sounds tired and slow,
The hand moves listless to and fro;
Even our needles seem imbued
With rustily rebellious mood,
And dull revolt against our will
Like teasing sprites, to work us ill,
Envy and discontent steal in,
Whispering to us through the din.
None but ourselves, say they, must climb
Rough paths, while others have free time
For all life's joys, its beauties rare,
Its music soft, its flowers fair,
Knowing no tasks for whose hard sake
Tired heads must throb and curved spines ache.
We hail the whistle's blatant scream
That wakes us from this bitter dream,
Break off the thread and fold away
Our work, to wait another day.
Pfiel homeward through the darkening street,
With chilly hands and mud-soiled feet.

The clouds seem frowning heaviest,
When, lo! they open in the west;
A faint pink touches smoke and mist;
One spire, its crowning cross amidst,
With golden rays, points upward to
A razor-edged, rare glimpse of blue,
And through a narrow, brick-framed space
Smiles suddenly the sick'ning face.
Life looks so liveable again;
Where are the long-drawn hours of rain?
Courage and confidence draw near,
Whispering to us, calm and clear.
None but ourselves, say they, may know
The fullness of this sunset glow.
For we alone, who drudged all day
'Twixt streets of mud and skies of gray,
Can read the symbol fair aright:
"At eventime it shall be light."
Back to the heart comes, Heaven-sent,
That guest it cannot spare—Content.

—Ruth H. Sessions, in Far and Near.

WINNING A WIFE.

How a Deserving Young Man Won His Sweetheart.

A Ghostly Vision That Materialized Into Beautiful Substance—An Incident That Startled a Household Out of Slumber.

Three o'clock in the morning is an uncanny hour the world over except at police headquarters or in the office of a morning newspaper, and it was in this latter place, at the hour named, that four or five reporters, having sent in all their copy and listened to the foreman swear for fifteen minutes because he had two columns of space and ten columns of matter that "must go in," sat with their feet on the tables and their chairbacks knocking the plastering off, talking over the subject which is just as new to-day as it was when Adam doffed his beaver and said: "How d'y' do?" to Eve. Every fellow in the crowd was a bachelor, and each one was informing the other in all seriousness that he should marry.

"What for?" inquired Claude Brown of Frank Jones.

"Because," replied Frank, "it's the only proper way to live."

"A nice husband a reporter would make," said Claude in rebuttal, "coming in at three o'clock a. m. and leaving home as soon as he got his twelve o'clock breakfast."

"But his wife would always know where he was, and if she didn't, she'd know wherever he was he was after an item and had to be back at the office on time," remarked Charlie Smith.

"Well," put in Claude, "if you think it's such a great snap why don't you get married?"

"Can't," said Charlie, very positively.

"Why not?"

"Thunderation, man, how's a fellow to buy a whole steamboat when he hasn't money enough to buy a splinter off a stage plank? How's a man to buy a house and lot when he can't buy a shovel full of dirt? How's a man—"

"That's it," interrupted Claude; "how's a man to do anything if he doesn't do it? What's the matter with marrying a rich girl?"

"Where's the girl?" queried Charlie.

"Plenty of them. Girls with money always need a disbursing agent and they will trust a husband when they won't trust an elder in the church. Besides, what's the good of her money if a girl has her heart set on a husband and can't get him?"

Smith argued awhile against matrimony and at half-past three started for home. He was thinking the conversation over, and as he trudged along it occurred to him that a bachelor was not only a knot on a log, but he was a very lonesome knot.

His way led him through the aristocratic portion of the city, and as he passed a fine house his reverie was disturbed by the peculiar click of a turning lock and the matrimonial line of thought was all knocked awry by the reportorial instinct, and he saw, instead of a blushing, blooming Mrs. Smith, a burglar cracking a millionaire's dining-room and making off with his silver. He thought of the beautiful scoop he was going to have on the other fellows and, slipping into the shadow, he waited and listened. Click went the lock again, as if the burglar was nervous and was more anxious to open the door than he was to preserve the ordinary burglarious quiet. The reporter scrutinized the door closely and discovered that the robber was not on the outside, but was evidently within and was working his way out, and he felt a thud of excitement at the thought of being able to capture his man with the boodle on his person. He slipped his revolver out of his pocket, trained it on the door and an instant afterward the door swung open and Charlie was ready to "throw up your hands," when, instead of a burglar, a ghost came out.

"It can't be a ghost," he whispered in an assuring tone to himself, "for ghosts don't unlock doors. They just come right through them. But if it isn't a ghost, what the deuce is it?"

He had long to wait, for whoever or whatever it was came out into the vestibule and down the steps slowly, as if uncertain of its movements, and when about half-way to the pavement stopped.

"By garry," said the reporter, "it's a woman, and she's got on a night gown. I'll have to see about this," and with his revolver ready in case of accident, he stepped out of the shadow and spoke to the ghostly walker

"Good evening," he said, nervously. "No, excuse me, I mean good morning. If you're going to market, may be you'd better go back and put on an ulster."

Ordinarily Charlie would have been more gallant, but this was anything but an ordinary affair, and he didn't require newspaper instinct to tell him so.

The sheeted figure made no reply, but moved again and came toward him. The cold chills chased each other down his back and he looked for a policeman, with the usual result.

"Stand back," he said, "this pistol ain't loaded, but it might go off."

But on it came and Charlie found that his legs wouldn't move in spite of all he could do to make them.

One step more and he stood face to face with his strange discovery, and Charlie saw that it was not only a woman, but a young and handsome one, and he began to feel better.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the night air is cool and you appear to be dressed rather lightly. Can I render you any assistance? Is there anyone in the house that has frightened you?"

Still no answer, and Charlie, emboldened by his own words, stepped to the young woman's side and gently took her by the arm.

She turned her face to him and then the mystery was solved.

"Another Amina," he said. "'La Sonnambula' off the stage with a reporter as first tenor and leading man. Well, this is a go!"

"I've got to take her in the house, anyhow, that's plain," he said to himself, and he gently led the willing walker back up to the door and rang the bell, and rang it with a forty-horse power draft.

The next minute the beautiful sleepwalker was no longer asleep, but wide awake, and Charlie had a very plump young woman in his arms in a dead faint, and he made a dash with his burden into the hall, only to meet a healthy young man in even less dishabille.

"What's this?" he shouted, making a grab at Charlie's throat.

"Shut the door, you idiot!" gurgled Charlie, dropping the girl on the floor and almost putting his foot on her, after the manner of sic semper tyrannis.

"What does this mean?" again shouted the young man, and the remainder of the family came tumbling downstairs, none of them fixed to see company.

"Let go of me and shut that door and I'll tell you!" wheezed Charlie. "You don't want to raise the neighborhood and bring the patrol wagon, do you?"

Some of the other members of the family by this time had rescued the reporter and shut the door, and, while the mother and the servants carried the unconscious girl upstairs, Charlie told the father and son how he had met the young lady and what the trouble was. Both men knew him by sight and had met him on 'change and elsewhere, and it was not difficult to explain the situation.

Half an hour later the reporter was at home, in bed and dreaming sweet dreams of pretty girls and all sorts of romantic things.

When he reached the office next day a note was waiting for him and he was invited to call that evening on the mother of the young lady.

He called, of course. He saw the mother; he saw the daughter, blushing and beautiful, and now if Charlie is a bachelor much longer there will be a breach of promise suit or some other dreadful calamity, for Charlie's mind is made up.—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Banquet Hall.

Some time ago the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. On that occasion the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet unprecedented for its originality. The table was set eight meters below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the caisson in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new fashioned banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and but for a certain buzzing in the ears caused by the pressure of air kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the inrush of water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption to the working of the air pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet an improvised concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests reascended into the open air.—Chicago Dispatch.

TO REFILL TWO SEAS.

The Object of a Great Movement That Is on Foot in Eastern Europe.

There is a movement on foot in eastern Europe to cut a canal between the Black and Caspian seas; also to reconnect the Dead sea with the Mediterranean. The Dead sea is nothing more than a small but very old salt lake now in an advanced state of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies many feet below the level of the Black sea. In both cases the surface must once have been continuous. This being the case, it is clear that the Caspian and the Dead seas have both evaporated to an enormous extent. While all the surroundings prove that evaporation has been the prime cause of the shrinkage of the two bodies last mentioned, there is one remarkable fact which deserves particular attention in this connection: While the surface of the Caspian has fallen to a point only eighty-five feet below the level of the Black sea, the Dead sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of twelve hundred and ninety-two feet below the Mediterranean! I am not informed as to what the results would be if a canal should be dug between the Caspian and the Black seas, but it is said that a connection between the Mediterranean and the Dead seas would drown out the whole valley of the Jordan, join the last-named sea to the sea of Galilee and otherwise contribute to the complete change of Scriptural geography.

A Snake Charmed by Bells.

A Denison (Tex.) dispatch says: Mrs. D. M. Madden is a lady of nerve. Yesterday afternoon her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large blacksnake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells had evidently placed the snake under a spell, as it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madden's hand.

TRAPPING COYOTES.

A Difficult Way For One to Make a Living.

Setting Traps in the Sierra Foothills—Unwelcome Guests That Are Plentiful—Traits of the Western Terrors—Talks with an Old Hunter.

George Peck is an old-timer, having come to California some time in the early fifties, and has had the usual experience of fortune and misfortune, mostly misfortune. He has long since quit hoping for a "strike," and is now a wandering, poverty-stricken old chap, keeping himself as much as possible out of the way of the world, never looks at a book or paper, mines "at odd spells," and hunts the greater part of the year. Lately he has been trapping along the Yuba, and has pitched his tent on a little flat known as the Keystone.

There are no valuable furs to be obtained in the lower foothills, but the coyotes are numerous on the Keystone, and as the state pays a bounty of five dollars for each scalp an expert trapper can make enough to keep body and soul together and have a little left over. But he must be an expert. The gaunt, hungry, snarling coyote is more difficult to catch than a fox, and his habits, likes and dislikes, runways and nocturnal prowlings must be learned by the trapper before he can expect to take more than an occasional scalp.

The Keystone is a favorite yelping ground, and the rugged hills, with thick undergrowths, chaparral, cliffs and caves that abound along the Yuba at that point, furnish cozy retreats for hundreds of coyotes, foxes, coons, polecats and now and then a mountain cat or lynx. The polecats are perhaps the most numerous, and as they are not suspicious, prudent animals, relying upon their offensiveness to carry them safely through life, are a great nuisance to the trapper, who must, when he has caught one, thoroughly disinfect his trap, not a pleasant or easy task in the hills where water is scarce and deodorizing materials not easily obtainable.

"Coyote" Peck, as he is called, thoroughly understands the habits of coyotes. When I met him, a week ago, he was errrying four traps on his back and doing his best to keep out of sight behind a clump of manzunita bushes. At first he was surly and gave short replies to all my queries, but persistent efforts thawed the iciness of his manner and he asked me to accompany him and see how coyote trapping was carried on.

It was quite early in the forenoon, and the canyon down which we picked our way was yet cool. On either side were jagged, rocky steeps, gashed with innumerable cracks and crevices in which many nocturnal creatures were probably asleep. In the dust one could see the tracks of coons, foxes, coyotes, polecats, rats, mice and beetles.

"They preys on one another," said Peck. "There's thousands on thousands o' beetles yere, an' the coons an' foxes an' polecats is great fer sich things. They's in the rocks now."

"Do you catch the coons?"

"He, he! I should say I do. They's no harder to catch than skunks. You catch one by the end of his littlest toe an' he'll jist get right down an' stay there lookin' at his toe an' studyin' the trap, an' like as not he won't be through studyin' when you come in the mornin'. Coons is easy, an' foxes ain't hard, but they hain't wuth nothin' to me, so I generally lets the coons lay, an' the foxes, too, 'cept in the winter when it's real cold. Then the foxes' hides is wuth thirty cents apiece. They's no good till the fur's on, see?"

We tramped on for half an hour, and then, leaving the canyon, crossed a little ridge where the undergrowth had been burned away and a few scrubby pines and oaks clustered about a little spring. Handing me his traps, Peck stole cautiously ahead with his rifle and a minute later made a rapid shot at something sitting in the shade not far away. The animal shot was a jackrabbit.

"I nearly allus gits one here," said the old man. "They's the best kind of bait for coyotes. I've tried venison an' beef an' all kinds of meat, but jackrabbit beats 'em all. Coyotes is very particular about their vittles. You'd think a chicken would be better, 'cause coyotes is awful rough on chickens when they finds 'em in a coop, but 'tain't so. The coyotes knows that chickens is domestic fowls, an' when they sees one a-hangin' by its legs on a tree four or five miles out in the woods they jist looks at it in a suspicious way an' sez: 'What you doin' out yere, anyhow?' an' they goes on. They knows a chicken ain't got no business hangin' by its legs to a tree in the woods. But they knows a jack belongs in the woods, and they don't never seem to think there's anything crooked when they finds a jack hangin' by his legs. A jack's their nat'ral food, for sure. That's why coyotes is sich powerful runners. Whene'er they catch a jack they's got to earn him fust, see?"

As Peck talked he gathered his traps and the jackrabbit together, threw them over his shoulder and trudged on again. We had easier walking now, and it was not long before another hare started up in front of us. Peck dropped his traps, and as the jack, which had not been much frightened, loped softly up the hill shot it dead. It was a fine shot and well worth praising, but the old hunter smiled knowingly and said:

"That's nuthin'. A boy kin do that—arter he knows how. That makes bait enough for these four traps, so we'll jist set one of 'em yere."

With a swipe of the hunting knife one of the jackrabbits was neatly divided and then one-half was fastened to an oak sapling about four feet from the ground. A few bits of the flesh were scattered about the foot of the oak and then a trap was set directly under the hanging bait and made secure with the chain. No effort at concealment was made and I asked Peck about it.

"Lord, man, what's the use? If I digs a hole and buries my trap ever so nice the coyotes 'll see there's somethin' buried there an' they'll get suspicious right away. No, siree. Never bury your trap fer coyotes. Jist set the jaws open an' tie it fast and flop it down an' the coyotes 'll jist think it's somethin' the jackrabbits has dropped there, an' when they jumps after that jackrabbit down they comes with their forelegs into it. The way to catch coyotes is to make 'em think you thinks they's all durn fools, see?"

Another hour of tramping and at its expiration the other three traps were set and baited.

"Now," said Peck, "if you don't mind goin' we'll take a look at the traps as was set yisterday."

Again we set off across the low, rolling hills, at right angles with the canyon, and tramped through a tangled maze of chaparral until we reached the lower edge of the Keystone range. As we skirted the flat the pungent aroma of the mephitis was wafted to us and Peck swore long and loud.

"Another of them durned skunks! I've caught more'n twenty this week, an' it 'pears like there's twenty thousand of 'em left."

Sure enough, the first trap held a skunk, and the little animal, which had pulled and squirmed for hours, was standing still, looking at us with piteous eyes and trembling with pain. The smell was sickening, and Peck stopped me at a safe distance.

"You stay yere, lest you get the smell on yer feet, an' I'll fix 'im."

A well-directed shot killed the skunk, and the old man pulled it from the trap and heaved it away with a grunt of disgust. Then he untied the trap, and taking from his pocket a flannel rag and a bottle with a large neck rubbed the contents over the trap.

"What is that stuff?"

"Alcohol an' asafitty," returned Peck, testily. "It kills the smell, some of it, an' the coyotes like it too, but 't ain't as good as it might be."

The disinfecting process did not require much time, and when it was finished Peck had acquired a new flavor which was not pleasant, but he did not seem to mind it. The trap was taken up and carried to a new location and set in a runway without bait.

"It'll be a day or two afore I catch anything in that trap," said Peck. "Some fellers buries their traps to make 'em clean, but I jist uses alcohol and asafitty. The best stuff for cleanin' is sulphuric acid an' water, 'cause that cuts off everything, but you've got to put asafitty on anyway to kill the smell of the acid, see? Coyotes likes the smell of asafitty an' I've caught some by dragging a little bag of it over the ground fer a mile or so an' then settin' down with my rifle to watch the trail. They'll foller it sure if it's early in the mornin' an' the grass is damp."

Nine more traps were visited. Five of them held skunks, one a fox, two were not sprung and one had captured a coyote. The skunks and the fox were killed at once and Peck was fairly wild.

"It does seem's though there ain't nothin' here but skunks. If they was worth ten cents apiece an' didn't smell so infernal I'd make a fortune sure. The ornery things is jist swarmin', and they gits caught to spite me. I know it."

The coyote was a large specimen of muscular starvation. The long, lithe body, with its shaggy hair, the small, furtive eyes and sneering, snarling mouth made a threatening picture. Long before we reached the trap we could hear the chain rattle as the coyote, frantic with fear and pain, sprang back and forth in fruitless efforts to escape. Peck was in a better humor now, and when he had shot the captive, taken off the scalp, flung the carcass away and reset the trap he "talked coyote" at a rapid rate.

"It's funny, they allus gits caught by the fore feet; allus. Now, a fox or a coon or the wildcat 'll get caught by the hind legs sometimes, but a coyote never does. It's allus the front foot that goes into the trap. This yere feller is the third I've caught in the last week. That ain't bad; but I expect to do better afore long, 'cause the sheep's comin' down from the mounta ins now, an' the coyotes follers the sheep. No, I couldn't do better on the plains. I've tried it there. There's no trees to hang your bait on, an' it's too settled up; there's too many dogs."

"Did you ever try to raise any coyotes?"

"Yas, onct. I had two cubs in the mountains last year. I thought I'd go into coyote raisin' on a big scale an' bankrupt the state, but it wouldn't work. As soon as the cubs was growed up they kep' me so busy huntin' for feed for 'em that I jist got tired an' shot 'em. They's treacherous brutes, too, an' they's bites wicked. A big one'll whip a pretty good dog if he's cornered.

"I've seed a good many different ways of trappin' of 'em, but this way, with steel traps baited with jackrabbits, is the best. I c'd tell you an awful lot 'bout coyotes, but I ain't got time now. I've got to go out an' hunt up some meat for myself. Come to my shanty some day 'an mebbe we'll have some o' the state's venison."

And "Coyote" Peck, giving his Winchester a flirt that landed it on his shoulder, turned quickly away and tramped out of sight in the thickets, leaving me alone, tired, hungry and burdened with the faint flavor of something which makes the most fearless chicken shudder with fear when it steals over the roost.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HISTORICAL DATES.

WOODEN pavements were the invention of Nicholson in 1854.

THE first omnibus appeared in Paris in 1825; in New York five years later.

STEREOTYPING was the invention of Didot, 1793, and came to America 1813.

UMBRELLAS have been made in the United States since 1802, and in considerable number since 1802, but, except for the cheapest goods, until late years the sticks, the ribs, the stretchers and the coverings were imported.

IN 1801 war was declared against the United States by the bey of Tripoli to whom the United States had paid tribute for the privilege of navigating the Mediterranean. Hostilities continued with slight practical result, much to the credit of the American navy, till peace was made in 1805.

Raises Her Own Tea.

Mrs. Increase Sumner, of Starke, Bradford county, raises her own tea, and has treated her guests to cups of the homemade beverage, which was pronounced delicious. She says that owing to rapid growth she has to cut off the bushes every three or four years, while in China this is done only once in seven years. She gathers three crops a year; the finest tea costs fifteen dollars a pound, but will not stand a sea voyage, and never gets farther than Russia, but her bushes furnish it to her for the picking.

MUD LAND STOCKS.

One Experience on 'Change Was Enough for Mrs. Curtiss.

"It must be distinctly understood," said Mr. Curtiss, "distinctly."

"Certainly," said his wife.

"Beyond making a sufficient allowance for all ordinary household expenses, I will have nothing to do with it."

"I understand. I am quite willing to accept the entire responsibility."

"Then, if you like the house, accept the agent's offer, send to the warehouse for the furniture, have the house put in order by Jayne's people, pack your trunks, hire your servants and move in. I shall be absent ten days or longer. I shall find you there on my return?"

"Yes. I shall lose no time."

Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss had been married five years. During their first year of housekeeping, Mr. Curtiss discovered that the drainage of the house in which they were living was defective. He notified his landlord. He waited a month. No notice was taken of his complaint. He promptly canceled his lease, stored his furniture, and took his wife to a boarding-house.

Mrs. Curtiss, after a year or two, found the life a wearisome one. She longed for the comforts of a home, and the agreeable occupation of the home-maker.

Mr. Curtiss, on the contrary, preferred boarding. He was a man who disliked the small responsibilities of housekeeping. His business, he urged, was sufficient to occupy his mind.

Yet now, to gratify his wife, he had acceded to her desire, stipulating, however, that he was to be utterly free from all the daily cares. Mrs. Curtiss gladly agreed. She disliked interference, and welcomed the assurance that she was to have the sole charge of the establishment.

A year elapsed. The contract was scrupulously carried out by both parties. Mr. Curtiss provided ample means, Mrs. Curtiss gave time and energy to the making of a pleasant home.

At the end of the year, Mrs. Curtiss had a balance of two hundred dollars. "Do what you will with it. It is yours," her husband said. "You have earned it."

She was planning the uses she would make of it, when a friend came in. She could not resist the temptation of telling her how well she had managed.

"What shall I do with it?" she asked. "You know all about money, Aurelia. Advise me."

Aurelia wore eyeglasses. She speculated in stocks. Her friends said she made enormous profits; her enemies declared her grandfather would turn in his grave could he know of her losses. He had been a day laborer in his youth, they added.

"Stocks, of course," replied Aurelia.

"Stocks?" helplessly.

"Stocks," with decision. "You have two hundred dollars, you say. You shall buy twenty shares of the Mud Land Company. They are a sure thing. It is a bull market now, you know."

"Dear me!" ejaculated her bewildered listener.

"The bears have had it quite too long," continued Aurelia. "Everything is booming now. Put on your bonnet at once. Delays are fatal. I will go with you."

Mrs. Curtis hesitated. "I do not think I can spend all the money that way, Aurelia."

"Why not?" sharply.

"I ordered a new silk yesterday from Madame Grettine. It will cost sixty dollars."

"Madame Grettine must wait for her pay."

"Oh, no!" shuddering. "I have never had a bill unpaid."

"You'll clear it fast enough. Mud Land can be bought to-day for nine and three-quarters. It is worth more; it will be worth twenty next week. Put on your bonnet."

The stronger will conquered. Mrs. Curtiss yielded. In a week she should have four hundred dollars, she reflected. She would pay madame, send a ton of coal to the widowed washerwoman she occasionally employed, and put three hundred dollars in a savings bank. Her husband would have his little joke about her capacity for business, but what mattered that?

Aurelia broke in upon her pleasant meditations. "Hurry!" she called, from the foot of the stairs. "Mud Land may go up a couple of points while you dally."

Aurelia prided herself upon her knowledge of brokers' phrases.

"What's a point?" asked Mrs. Curtiss, coming downstairs, her gloves in her hand.

"Surely you know. We must take a carriage. It may score twelve, if we wait for the right car."

Score was Greek to Mrs. Curtiss. She had a confused feeling that it had something to do with a baseball match, but she asked no questions.

At the broker's office, Aurelia gave the order. Mrs. Curtiss signed it, a feeling akin to terror sweeping over her. If it rises to thirty! she thought. A notification of the purchase of twenty shares of Mud Land at 9½ reached her the next day. She carried it to Aurelia. "What must I do now?"

"Pay for your stock, of course. You could have bought it on a margin. I should, but," with a laugh, "I am used to taking flyers."

"Yes," with a feeling of humility. How wise Aurelia was! how daring!

"I'll go with you," said Aurelia. "There'll be the commission—it's on the statement, probably."

Mrs Curtiss counted her money twice before handing it to the broker's clerk. "That's right," said Aurelia, approvingly; "I'll make you a woman of business yet."

"Sell the stock at twenty," said Aurelia. "Not a fraction below."

Mrs. Curtiss signed this order. A mine of wealth seemed suddenly opening before her. She thought of the surprise of her husband when she told him of her successful venture.

A week passed. Mrs. Curtiss waited in agitated suspense. She consulted Aurelia daily.

"When will it be twenty?" she asked from day to day, trying Aurelia's scant patience sorely.

"I cannot tell. The market has sagged a little. The reaction will soon come."

At the end of the week, Mrs. Curtiss sent for Aurelia. "Madame has sent my dress," she said. "Can I have the money to-day?"

"Madame must wait. Mud Land dropped a couple of points yesterday. The bears got control. You mustn't sell now."

"I would rather pay madame promptly. This is her first dress."

"She can wait. Mud Land is sure to rise. It'll touch twenty within two weeks."

A month passed, during which Mrs. Curtiss suffered an anxiety she had never before experienced. Point by point, Mud Land fell to five. For a week it held at that figure. Then, in one day, it rose to seven.

"It's on the way to twenty now," said Aurelia. "It is a rampant market. The bulls are in it. Haven't you anything to spare? Isn't your gas dividend due? What! you haven't cashed the check? Put your bonnet on directly. You must buy some more shares. Hurry! I dare say it has touched eleven by this time. Never mind how you look!"

Mud Land was still at seven, they found. Mrs. Curtiss ordered seven shares at that figure.

"Sell it at twenty," said Aurelia, in a loud commanding voice.

Now up, now down, Mud Land drove Mrs. Curtiss to the verge of hysterics more than once. She grew thin and pale. She could not sleep. She lost all appetite.

During this exciting month, madame sent in her bill three times. Mrs. Curtiss took Aurelia's advice and said nothing. Upon the third presentation, she went to madame and explained matters.

Madame was cold. "In thirty days," she said. "I can wait no longer. Then my lawyer will collect."

Mrs. Curtiss hurried to Aurelia. "She threatens to sue," she said, breathlessly. "What shall I do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"A mere threat," explained Aurelia. "She hopes to frighten you."

"I wouldn't have it come to John's knowledge for the world!"

"Leave it to me. Mud Land will revive in a day or so."

If Mud Land showed no sign of reviving, Mrs. Curtiss' spirits arose at once. "A month is a long time," she said. "It will rise, surely, as you say."

"Certainly," with decision. "You will double your money."

Mrs. Curtiss flew to Aurelia at the expiration of a month. "Read!" she stammered, thrusting a letter into her hand.

Aurelia frowned as she read it. "Monstrous impertinence!" she exclaimed, flinging the lawyer's letter upon the floor. "Premeditated insult!"

"What shall I do?" sobbed Mrs. Curtiss. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"You must sell your stock. I see no other way, unless you go to your husband and—"

"Never!" interrupted the unhappy woman. "Can't you—can't you lend it to me, Aurelia?"

"If I only could!" sighed Aurelia. "But, my dear child, every penny I possess is in copper. I expect to realize a very handsome profit. Now if madame can be induced to wait—"

"No!" said Mrs. Curtiss, "she must be paid. I never had a letter of that nature sent to me, and never will again! She must be paid at once."

"Then your stock must be sold. It is a pity. But you are the one to decide."

"Sell it!" repeated Mrs. Curtiss.

"You must give the order," said Aurelia. "I will go with you, of course."

Aurelia was enjoying the luxury of a late breakfast the next morning, when Mrs. Curtiss was announced.

"Show her into my den," ordered Aurelia.

She found her friend pacing the floor. Her face and manner betokened great agitation.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Here is a check for only one hundred dollars!"

"It is correct, no doubt," replied Aurelia.

"Correct! Why, I paid that broker over two hundred and fifty!"

"Mud Land has dropped, you must remember."

"You said it would be worth twenty. You said—I—would—double—my—money," sobbed Mrs. Curtiss.

"So you would. So it will."

"When?" spiritedly. "Your money is in copper."

"You have managed badly," said Aurelia, coldly. "You should not have ordered that dress. You did not need it."

"I'll never buy stocks again!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtiss. "Mud Land may go up or stay down—

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 20, 1893.

CHARLES MILES, of Wilkesbarre, met divorced wife at a masquerade ball, and without knowing her, proposed matrimony. When she threw off her mask he was astounded but kept his word.

THOS. C. NICHOLS, a New York drug clerk, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree. He used morphine instead of quinine in filling a prescription and the mistake caused the death of Martin Mundt.

THERE have been in late years a good many mistakes made in the election of United States Senators, but the Democrats of Indiana will make no mistake in re-electing Senator Turnpie for six years more to the position in which he has proved himself to be a useful Senator and a good Democrat. His re-election is assured.

THE Navy Department has completed the plan for the great review of next spring, but the money is not yet forthcoming. Congress must appropriate $300,000 or the review will not be held. It is not a large sum but it is more than the Billion Dollar Congress left in the treasury available for the purposes either of display or necessity.

IN the make of the committees in the House of Representatives, Assemblyman Stineman from this county is on Bureau of Statistics; Fish and Game, Iron and coal, Judiciary (Local) and Mines and Mining; Assemblymen Thomas on Congressional Apportionment; Constitutional Reform; Judicial Apportionment and Vice and Immorality.

JOHN SPAULDING, a millionaire bachelor, of Boston, has just given a total of $36,000 to eight servant girls who are employed at the United States Hotel in this city. The gifts were in the shape of eight packages of stock of the Revere Sugar Refining Company, of East Boston which is quoted at $105 per share. He said it was a deferred Christmas present.

THE Democratic State Committee met at Harrisburg, on Wednesday afternoon and re-elected J. Marshall Wright chairman and R. M. Nead Secretary by acclamation. The Executive committee was empowered to fix the time and place of the next State convention. A resolution looking to the changing of the rules was referred to the executive committee.

AT Harrisburg on Wednesday at a meeting of the Democratic county chairmen of the division composed of Clarion, Clearfield, Centre, Elk and Forest counties, Captain William F. Reber, of Bellefonte, was elected division chairman. W. Fiske Conrad, of Tyrone, was elected chairman of the Second division including Huntingdon. Bedford, Somerset Cambria and Blair.

IN Harrisburg on Tuesday Matthew Stanley Quay was re-elected United States Senator. The Democrats voted for Senator Ross. In the House Quay received 132 votes, Ross 66; Dalzell 1 (cast by Moore of Chester), and Secretary Harrity 1, Lennon of Lehigh voting for the latter. In the Senate Quay received 33 votes, Ross 14 and Congressman Mutchler 1, given by Rapsher, of Carbon.

WORD has been received from Cortez, in Southern Colorado, that the Nevajo Indians and the prospectors who are flocking into the Carizzo mountains, where gold is found, are preparing for trouble, and without doubt the red skins will go on the warpath this spring and probably sooner The Indians claim that the prospectors are trespassers, while the latter deny it and are prepared to defend their rights.

THE statement that Senator Carlisle is to go into Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet has been confirmed. Mr. Carlisle sent his resignation of his seat in the Senate to the Governor of Kentucky on Monday. He has also told some of his colleagues in the Senate that he has accepted the treasury portfolio. Lamont and Morrison are also decided on for cabinet places, and it is almost certain that Senator Gray, of Delaware, will be the attorney general, and that Bayard will succeed him in the Senate. Blount, of Georgia, will probably be postmaster general.

MR. HAYES, says the New York *Sun*, went home from the war with an honorable record of gallant service. In Congress and in Ohio politics he was at respectable figure for ten or a dozen years. As governor of Ohio he reached the highest station for which he had been fashioned. Fortunate would have been his lot had death or retirement from public life and closed his career at that time. History would have concerned itself little with his memory, but the few lines written on the page would have contained kind words only.

By an incomprehensible decree of destiny, another and a very diffierent fate was reserved for R. B. Hayes. This quiet citizen of orderly life and creditable conduct within the limits set for mediocre abilities, was to be subjected to a supreme test of moral endurance; and, failing in that, as perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred would have failed, he was to occupy a place unique in history, pilloried there for all ages as the first and last fraudulent president of the United States.

Poor commonplace Hayes! The temptation was strong for any soul not of heroic fibre, and you yielded without a struggle; but the punishment is terrible, for it is cumulating as the years go by, and will last as long as type gives ink to paper.

IT seems to be reasonably certain, says the Philadelphia *Times*, that Senator John G. Carlisle has been tendered and has accepted the portfolio of the treasury in the new Cleveland Cabinet.

We doubt whether any other man could be called to that position in whom the business and industrial interests of the country could confide as implicitly as they are ready to confide in Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle is an honestt tariff reformer. He is not a free trader, and the time has come when considerate men of all parties should look the tariff issue fairly in the face and call things by their right names.

Tariff reform is not free trade. Reciprocity is in advance of the theory of tariff reform, jas it means either free trade or fair trade on the bassis of mutual advantage, and there would be much more reason in calling Mr. Blaine a frre trader than in applying the the term to Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle is one of the most intelligent, conservative and practical of our leading champions of tariff reform. He will hew to the line in revising our tariff policy that breeds and protects monopoly, but he will equally hew to the line in every effort to advance the interests of our productive industries.

There can be no shocked finance or business with Mr. Carlisle as secretary of the treasury. The necessary reform demanded by the people will be full attained, but in every step that he may accomplish it, he will be studiously considerate of every existing legitimate interest that may be affeced by it.

The fact that tariff reform has come to stay is clearly demonstrated by the loss of every state West of Pennsylvania to the Republicans on the issue of the present tarriff: and it is most fortunate that so able, conservative and and practicle a statesman as Mr. Carlisle has been assigned the task of devising and inaugurating the new policy.

The important lesson of Mr. Carlisle's appointment is that violent or revolutonary change in the tariff policy of the government is not to be the policy of the new administration; and the whole business interests of the country should heartily welcome and sustain him. He means honest tariff reform, and the phatom of free trade will soon perish under his patriotic and enlightened administration of the Treasury Department.

CONGRESS on Monday suspended the rules and passed the joint resolution for an amendment of the Constitution making United States Senators elective by direct vote of the people of their States. The vote was nearly unanimous. In this the sentiment of the House reflects that of the country.

The reasons for making the change, says the New York *World*, are grievously obvious. The system now in use has broken down. It is rapidly lowering the character of the Senate. It no longer makes Senators of Websters, Clays, Sumners and Sewards. It puts Murphys and Quays into the places belonging to statesmen. It makes opportunity for selfish trading and flagrant bribery.

In some states, as now in New York, it makes of a United States Senatorship a mere bit of spoil for bosses to bargain with. It interferes in dangerous ways with legislative eections. It sends to the Senate in rapidly increasing proportions the representatives of great wealth or of corporate influence, to serve the interests of monopoly.

The dignity of the United States Senate counts for nothing. There is no consideration of its important functions nor any thought of the people's concern to be worthily represented.

It is time to take away from Legislatures a power which they abuse and give it to the people.

THE Homestead riots will come up for discussion over an anti-Pinkerton bill to be introduced in the House to-day (Thursday,) by Representative Kearns, of Pittsburg. The bill provides that no person authorized by law to appoint special deputies to preserve the public peace shall hereafter appoint any person who shall not have resided continuously in this Commonwealth for a period of one year at least, and in the county where such appointments are made for a period of less than six months. This is to stop the importation of detectves from outside the country. The penalty attached is a fine of $500 and imprisonment for a year.

A SERIOUS famine prevails in Finland, and advices from several sources state that a large porportion of the inhabitants of that country are perilously near starvation. Two hundred thousand persons of a total population of 2,000,000 are entirely destitute, and before the winters ends it is expected that one-fourth of the whole number of inhabitants will be in a similar sad plight. The Finns have hard work to make a living at the best of times, because of the poor soil and rigorous climate. Last summer the potato and rye crops were either destroyed or seriously damaged by constant night frosts in July, August, and September.

A REPRESENTATION on salt of the Goddess of Liberty on Bedlow's Island is being sculptured at the offices of the Salt Union, in Winsford, England; for exhibition at the Chicago Fair. The statue itself is 5 feet 6 inches high, and it will stand on a base 7 feet in height. It will be carved out of solid white salt, and the sub-base will be of amber-colored rock salt, to imitate the rocks of the island. The base will be highly ornamented with mouldings, panels, and inscriptions.

THERE was a slight fire in Governor Pattison's private room in the Executive Chamber, on Saturday last. The fire originated from an open grate and was extinguished before much damage was done.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 13, 1893. Have Treasury officials been redeeming counterfeit money? Such is the natural presumption after reading a special report submitted by Treasurer Nebeker to Secretary Foster this week. This report shows that the amount paid out by the Treasury in redemption of $500 notes, series of 1874, exceeds by $54,000 the total amount issued of that series, whereas it is usually the case that the amount paid out for the redemption of any series of of notes is always less than the total amount issued of that series, for the very natural reason that many notes are burned up or lost where they are never found. And what adds to the probability of counterfeit notes having been redeemed by Treasury officials with good and lawful money is the fact that there was a dangerous counterfeit $500 note known to have been put in circulation about 1874. Treasurer Nebeker endeavors to explain by saying that through an error notes of another series may have been counted as in that of 1874, and expresses the opinion that this fact will be clearly shown when the series of 1875 shall have all been presented for redemption. It is very natural that Mr. Nebeker should try to make this explanation, as Mr. Cleveland,s Secretary of the Treasury may feel that it will be his duty to compel Mr. Nebeker or his bondsmen to make good that $54,000.

The death of Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, which occurred Wednesday morning, although not unexpected, has cast a gloom over his colleagues, with whom he was a general favorite, both on account of his marked ability and his genial personality. His death makes the fourth in the membership of the Senate—Plumb, of Kansas, in December, 1891; Barbour, of Virginia, in May, 1892; and Gibson, of Lousiana in December, 1892—since the Fifty-second Congress began its first session. The funeral services, which were conducted by Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by Bishop Keane, were held in the Senate chamber yesterday afternoon, and the large attendance of prominent people attested the esteem in which Senator Kenna was held. The remains left here for West Virginia, where the interment will be made, last night, accompanied by a joint committee of Senators and Representatives.

The House committee on Banking and Currency has favorably reported a bill repealing the present law for the monthly purchase of silver bullion, and it is understood that the committee on rules will report a special order setting a time for its consideration, but there is a doubt, even among those who favor the bill, as to whether it can be brought to a vote. It certainly cannot, unless a majority of the House will vote for a resolution amounting in effect to a cloture rule, and even if it gets through the House, Senator Teller has on the floor of the Senate given notice that the free coinage Senators will not allow it to go through the Senate. On the whole, present indications do not favor the adoption of any silver legislation at this session.

The House this week voted down Representative Crain's joint resolution changing the date for the meeting of Congress to December 31, and for the inauguration of President to April 30.

Friends of the Quarantine bill, which passed the Senate this week, are already actively at work in the House, and they hope to get a special order for its early consideration reported from the committee on rules. The bill authorizes the President to suspend immigration and the importation of merchandise whenever he deems it necessary to keep out contagious and infectious disease.

Ex-Speaker Reed has been keeping rather quiet this session, but he made a little speech in the House this week in which he stated a truth that ought to be carefully studied by the Democratic leaders of the present as well as of the next House. He said: "If the House wants to do business, it can always find plenty of time to do it in; if it does not wish to do business, it can find eternity not to do it in." Mr. Reed has said few things during his Congressional career that your correspondent could endorse, but this statement must be endorsed by every unprejudiced observer of the work of Congress.

The House committee on the Columbian exposition is this week hearing both sides on the proposed repeal of the law enacted at the last session prohibiting the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. Both sides are presenting strong arguments from their respective points of view, but it appears that the Sunday openers are a little ahead when one converses with members of Congress The committee will almost certainly report in favor of Sunday opening.

The sudden death of Gen. B. F. Butler, on Wednesday morning, at his residence in this city, removes a man who has at times played a conspicuous part in American affairs. M.

Two Thousand Dead.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—A local paper has the following from San Francisco: A Canton correspondent sends this account of a terrible disaster in a country town about fifty miles from Canton, which occurred early last month and resulted in the loss of nearly 2,000 lives. A band of robbers made a raid on the village of Kam Lif in the Shin Sing district. They first levied a tribute of several thousands tales on the priests of the temple. The latter had just received large offerings from the people, who were celebrating a holiday with a dramatic entertainment under a big shed temporarily erected in front of the temple. The angry robbers applied the torches to this shed and the people, in the panic, rushed into the temple for refuge.

The main entrance of the temple caught from the heat of the burning shed, and over 1,400 men, women, and children were either burned, smothered, or trampled under foot. Most of the fatalities resulted from suffocation, as a strong wind drove the smoke into the temple. At the time of writing the roll of missing numbered 1,940 and it may be that some of these were burned beyond recognition. The disaster is the worst that has occurred in South China for several years.

A Rival to St. Peter's.

ROME, Jan. 16.—Cardinal Parocchi has submitted to the Pope a scheme for adding another to the Catholic edifices of the country. The scheme is to erect on the Monte Vanicule a church with a cupola equal in size and effect to that of St. Peter's, to be paid for by contributions of the Catholics throughout the world. Round the sacred edifice it is proposed to group the ecclesiastical colleges of different countries that are now situated in Rome. The further consideration of the proposal will be submitted to a commission of cardinals. The estimated cost is about $20,000,000 and is calculated that its construction would give employment to 14,000 workmen for years.

RUTHERFORD B. Hayes, of Ohio who occupied the Presidential chair during the term to which Samuel J. Tilden was elected, died at his home in Fremont, Ohio, on Tuesday.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Terrible Tragedy.

CHESTER, Pa., Jan. 14.—A tragedy was enacted here this afternoon which will result in the loss of two lives and the conviction of Thomas Rodgers as the murderer of his father and mother. Rodgers is a man 24 years old, and the victims are his father, Thomas Rodgers, 60 years old, and his mother, Martha Ann Rodgers, of about the same age, His married sister, Mrs. William Kildey, was also badly wounded.

Thomas sat back of the stove in the kitchen of his parents' home just after the noonday meal this afternoon when his father reprimanded him for his laziness, declaring that he must go to work. Thomas answered, "You can't put me out," and going up stairs, secured his brother-in-law's revolver. The wife and daughter attempted to save Mr. Rodgers, but he pushed them aside and deliberately fired two bullets into his father at short range. The first shot entered the thigh and the second lodged in the heart, while the powder scorched the old man's clothing.

After his father had fallen to the floor Young Rodgers kicked him in the face. The mother attempted to escape by the cellar door, but a bullet from her son's revolver struck her in the back and penetrated her left lung. The sister Mrs. Kildey, fled from the house by the front door, and her brother, whose bloodthirsty passions had been thoroughly aroused, pursued her to the street, and standing on the doorstep shot her while she ran in almost the same place that he had wounded his mother. The bullet glanced on the shoulder blade and this saved the young woman's life. His revolver, now empty, the assassin ran up the street to an alderman's office two blocks distant and entering, locked the door against a large crowd which followed. The police were notified and Rodgers was locked up.

The three victims were taken to the hospital, where the physicians announced that the wounded father and mother could not live until morning. The mayor took the ante-mortem statement of the dying couple this evening. Mr. Rodgers said that his son had frequently threatened his life when he had pressed him to go to work. On several occasions the father had secured the son's arrest, but withdrew the charges on promises of good behavior. The criminal said the attack was the result of a family row and that he intended to kill the old man. He gave no reason, however, for the assault on his mother and sister. A hearing will be given the prisoner to-morrow, in which four children of the sister, who were present during the shooting, will give evidence against their uncle. There is much excitement in the community, and extra precautions have been taken by the police to guard against lynching.

Young Heroine Drowned.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 13.—Irene Fawcett, aged 18 years, was drowned in the Monongahela river, near the point, this morning, while trying to save her 7-year-old sister Bella. The little girl was walking on the ice, when it broke, and she was thrown into the river. Irene, who was standing on the bank, jumped into the water to save her, and the two were quickly carried down the stream. The cries of the girls attracted the attention of their brother Thomas, aged 22 years, who plunged into the water after them. A life and death struggle followed, and the young man, finding there was danger of the three drowning, grasped the younger girl and brought her ashore. Before he could return for Irene she had gone down for the last time. Her body was recovered a short time later. Thomas and Bella are in a serious condition from their icy bath. The father of the children is superintendent of the Harbor company and well known to river men.

Engineer and Fireman May Die.

ERIE, Pa., Jan. 15.—Engineer Wood and Timothy Collins, a fireman of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, had an experience last night that might cost their lives. As they neared the city the steam chest burst and enveloped the engine in such a cloud of vapor that they could not see out of the cab in any direction. To make things worse, the air brakes would not work and the train became unmanageable. After a final effort to control it they decided to leave the runaway train and dropped one on each side of the engine. Both men were unfortunate in getting off, on account of escaping steam. Engineer Wood was dreadfully cut and disfigured and injured internally, but is still alive. Collins was badly hurt, but was fit to be removed to the Hamot hospital, with several broken bones and his face and arms shockingly mutilated. The train was stopped about a mile from the city without doing any damage.

Shot Down a Thief.

PHOENIXVILLE, Pa., Jan. 18.—Two burglars were surprised early this morning as they were about to escape with much booty from the store of Oliver E. Moses, at Anselma, and one of them was shot down by the proprietor and his clerk. The thieves had collected a great number of boots and shoes in a blanket when a burgular alarm aroused Mr. Moses and his clerk, Horace Latshaw. They ordered the intruders to surrender, which the latter refused to do and they started to run away. Moses had a shot gun and Latshaw a rifle and both opened fire. One of the thieves tumbled. He was carried into the house, where he said he was Henry Bomburger, of Chicago. He is wounded in the head and back and was taken to the county prtson to-day. The other robber excaped upon a hand car whtch had been abandoned at Kimberton.

The Ice Bridge at Niagara.

BUFFALO, N. Y., 17.—The present ice bridge at Niagara Falls is one of the largest ever recorded there and will continue to grow until a long thaw breaks it up. When that time comes, many of the owners of inclined railways and staircases at the foot of the bluffs along the gorge have reason to fear that their slender structures may be swept away. The ice bridge now extends from a point below the portal of the big tunnel up the edge of the American falls. It is compactly built and frozen hard. The last bridge was in 1890, but never since the winter if 1855 has there been such a bridge as the present one. The ice mountain is now forming, and coasting parties will soon be using it.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Rufus Payne was found frozen to death in a wood shed at Cincinnati.

—Several rich finds of nickel have recently been made in the Black Hills country.

—Aluminum pencils are being manufactured in Germany for use as a substitute for slate pencils.

—Thirty thousand pairs of shoes are turned out every day in the season by Cincinnati's 26 factories.

—Oregon will send to the World's Fair a number of shingles that have been doing service on a roof for over 25 years.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—Isaac Bartholomew, of Salona, Clinton county, on Friday last, while in an apparent health, dropped from his chair and expired almost instantly.

—The body of a woman, cut in 178 pieces, wes found in a coffee sack in the street at Moscow. Nothing has been learned as to the identity of her murderer.

—Tobacco has been successfully raised on the banks of the Androscoggin river in Maine, and one man is preparing to cultivate it the coming year on a large scale.

—Forsyth, Missouri, is fifty years old and has never had a church. What a peaceable community it must be out there. No choir fights, festivals or starving preachers.

—Adam Krumrine, the Centre county farmer who had been missing from his home for ten days, wae found at Tyrone last Friday and taken home. He is mentally unbalenced,

—A single sheet of paper 6 feet wide and 7½ miles in length has been made at the Watertown (N. Y.) paper works. It weighed 2,207 pounds, and was made and rolled entire without a single break.

—Dominico Taraznello, an Italian, and Sing Kee, a Chinamen, were hanged at Nanaimbo, B. C. Each man murdered a fellow countryman. Kee walked to his doom firmly, while the Italian struggled fiercely and had to be carried to the scaffold.

—It a quarrel near Manchester, Ohio, Theodore Fflant, a coal miner, put four bullets into a boarder named Rodger, and then reloaded his pistol and emptied it at his wife, wounding her twice in the legs. Roder will die. Fflant is now in jail in this city.

—A reward of $1,000 is now offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Isaac Dengler, the postmaster at Oberlin who was killed a year or two ago. The commissioners of Dauphin county offer $500, the citizens of Oberlin $200, and the widow $200.

—Deputy Superintendent George A. Smith, of the Huntington Industrial Reformatory, has tendered his resignation to the board of managers. The board refused to accept the resignation but Mr. Smith gave notice that he would positively leave on April 1st.

—A dispatch from Oskaloosa, Iowa, says: All the railroads except the Rock Island have abandoned their freight trains and the Rock Island has but two. These are stalled in the snow-drifts east of here. The heavy winds blew the snow into the cuts as fast as it is shoveled out, and unless the weather clears the blockade will be total. At Roone all business is suspended.

—A dreadful accident occurred at a crossing near Lonsdale, R. I. on the Providence & Worchester Railway, about half past 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning. A sleighing party from Pawtucket, returning from a dance and supper at Woonsocket, was struck by a locomotive of a freight train. Eight persons were instantly killed and sixteen injured. Of the injured it is feared that eight or ten will die.

—A Pullman car attached to the New York Express on the Pennsylvania Railroad was derailed at Thirteenth and Arch streets Philadelphia on Monday. The Express, which left Broad-street station at 12:44 o'clock P. M., had just reached the southern end of the new tunnel, when the Pullman left the tracks. The car contained seven passengers, but no one was dangerously injured, although several were considerably bruised and shaken up.

—The wife of A. W. Fillie, who came from Illinois recently, was found chained in a deserted barn near Radford, Va., on Monday. Fillie had spread the story that the woman was insane, and would be sent to an asylum. She proved to be perfectly sane. It is surmised that Fillie and a woman who posed as his housekeeper were trying to put Mrs. Fillie out of the way. Fillie is under arrest, and the jail is heavily guarded, as there is danger of a lynching.

—Samuel G. Baker of Paradise, employed at the railroad scales, south of Greensburg, on the S. W. P. R. R., was caught between cars, while making a coupling, Saturday night, and so badly squeezed that he died about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Deceased was aged twenty-four years, and was an industrious and highly respected citized. He leaves a young wife, (who is a daughter of Alex McClaim,) and a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely death.

Miscellaneous Notices.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

aug19-1y.

IF you are wanting Books, Stationary, Booklets, Dolls, Games, Toys, Novelties, School Supplies, Rubber Boots or Shoes, etc., etc., you can have your wants supplied by a visit to C. T. Roberts' store, Ebensburg. Although an old established one, it is abreast of the times and always well filled with goods of all kinds. An exchange library has been started at this store, wherein for 5 and 10 cents you can rent most any book you want to read. Any book or anything else not in stock procured for you at once. Everything sold at lowest prices. Give us a call and see for yourself. You never saw such a large and elegant stock in Ebensburg.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The undersigned offers at private sale his farm of 10 acres situated one mile south of Ebensburg on the Williamsburg road. There is about 70 acres cleared with good orchard and good water. If not sold before the 1st of April it will be for rent. Possession given immediately. Call on or address JAMES MYERS, Jan. 6, 1892 3m. Ebensburg, Pa

IN the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. In the matter of the first and partial account of F. J. Parrish and Mary J. McCloskey, administrators of the estate of James McCloskey, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased.

Having been appointed auditor by said court to report a distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountants notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on **Saturday, February 4, 1893,** at 10 A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DEFTON, Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 20, 1893. Auditor.

MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was **THOUSANDS** also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

Elkhart, Ind., 1888. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that *Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure* saved my life **CURED** and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work.

May 29th, 1892. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

Sold on a Positive Guarantee.

DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.

SOLD BY DR. T. J. DAVISON, EBENSBURG.

Garfield Tea Overcomes effects of bad eating. Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample Free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended. Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully, JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

★ TAKE FOR **RHEUMATISM** GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the IMPORTED "ANCHOR" **PAIN EXPELLER** IT IS AND WILL EVER BE The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY. Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others. One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands: TESTOPOLIS, ILL., Jan. 29, '90. Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller. SCHOOL SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME. 50 Cents a bottle. OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM F. AD. RICHTER & CO., 310 Broadway, New York. European Houses: Budolstadt, Gy, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic. 28 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED. FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application. ★

GET THE BEST! USE R. C. ORR'S GOLDEN CROWN COFFEE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Sold by R. C. ORR, Wholesale Grocer, 941 Liberty Street, PITTSBURG, PA.

B. Hallett & Co., Box 899 Portland, Maine

Other title fictions have been made to work for us by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Mrs. Sloan, Toledo, Ohio. How can Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. Write and you learn and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. New and wonderful. Particulars free. Write to-day.

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN—

Winter Clothing!

—AT—

J. B. WILBER'S,

EBENSBURG.

To make room for my Spring Stock, which will be the Largest ever shown in Northern Cambria County.

MEN'S SUITINGS, FORMER PRICE				$20.00	NOW $18.00
"	"	"	"	18.00	" 16.00
"	"	"	"	15.00	" 13.50
"	"	"	"	14.00	" 12.50
"	"	"	"	12.50	" 10.00
"	"	"	"	10.00	" 8.50
"	"	"	"	9.00	" 8.00
"	"	"	"	6.50	" 5.00
"	"	"	"	4.50	" 3.75

Boys' and Children's

HEAVY - CLOTHING

in the same proportion.

Heavy Overcoats at almost any price. Now is the time to buy. Come one, come all and see for yourselves.

J. B. WILBER

$15, $14 AND $12

OVERCOATS!

WILL BE SOLD AT

$10.00 $10.00.

A CLEAR SAVING of from $2.00 to $5.00 to Every Buyer.

This is the week we inaugurate our **"GREAT ANNUAL HOUSE-CLEANING SALE."** That's a term that means an assured saving to buyers, and always a quick response from the people. The present cold snap suggests Overcoats, and Overco ts are the first articles that receive the "Big Cut" in price.

TEN DOLLARS

takes a choice of over 200 Splendid Overcoats that formerly seld at $15, $14 $12. We're selling them at this price to reduce our stock—to make room for the carpenters and painters that are to remodel our store in a short time. Come and see the goods. This is the greatest reduction sale of Overcoats we've ever had—its the greatest that ever was held in this city—and no sensible man that wants a coat can afford to miss it.

WOOLF'S,

THE WIDE-AWAKE LEADERS.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

FALL SEASON, 1892!

The Fall and Winter season of 1892 promises to be one of the best seasons we have ever had. We have heretofore carried the Largest and Finest Stock in Northern Cambria, and with the expectation of a good fall season, we have more than doubled our stock. We are now prepared to show you the Finest assortment of

CLOTHING, OVERCOATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

in the county and give you the **LOWEST PRICES** in the state. Our stock needs to be seen to be appreciated. Call and see us and we will save you money.

C. A. SHARBAUGH,

CARROLLTOWN - - - PA.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 29, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Dr. H. Summerville, of Chest Springs, was in town on Monday.

—The Nicktown mail, after being snowed up for a week, got here on Tuesday.

—15 degrees below zero was what the thermometer said on Monday morning.

—Walter Bolsinger, of this place, has been appointed ticket agent at Kaylor station.

—Misses Alice and Annie Maloney spent several days visiting friends in Johnstown last week.

—Frank Kirshner, of Cambria township, was severely bitten by a vicious horse one day last week.

—Woolfs, the Johnstown clothiers, have a new ad. in the FREEMAN and everybody ought to read it.

—A cow run into the pay train near Bradley's Junction on Saturday. It was bad for the cow and delayed the train.

—Rev. E. E. Manly, pastor of the Christian church in this place, tendered his resignation to the congregation to take effect on the 26th of March next.

—Judge Krebs, of Clearfield county, is said to be contemplating the propriety of issuing an order forbidding the publication of the jury list by the newspapers.

—John Harkless, a resident of Centre township, Indiana county, was surprised that he had fallen heir to a fortune of $12,000, left him by an uncle in Wyoming.

—Pittsburg business men have notified our merchants that the Pennsylvania railroad will not receive goods consigned to Ebensburg, on account of the snow blockade.

—Walker Westover, a well-known citizen of Susquehanna township, died at his home in that township on Tuesday of last week of typhoid fever. He was about 55 years.

—This (Thursday) evening the smoke and steam of the engines working at opening up the branch can be seen at Bradley's cut, an indication that the blockade will soon be raised.

—John Barto, aged about 50 years, while gathering wood and coal along the tracks in the Altoona yard on Saturday morning, was run down by a draft of cars and instantly killed.

—Hauling coal seems to be the prevailing industry in this neighborhood at the present time. You cannot look out on High street from 11 A. M., until 6 P. M., without seeing a sled load of coal.

—On Sunday a man named Armstrong, who was being kept in a room at an Indiana hotel by the officers who had arrested him on a serious charge, jumped from a third story window and escaped.

—The northern ends of Fayette and Somerset counties are flooded with counterfeit silver dollars and half dollars. It is thought a gang of counterfeiters have located in the moonshine country of Somerset county.

—The arguments for and against the granting of new trials in the Snyder arson case and the Kirsch poisoning case were heard at argument court on Monday. After hearing the arguments, Judge Barker reserved his decision.

—Homer S. Sheetman, of Derry, who is a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman, while coupling cars on Wednesday at Lilly, had his left arm badly mashed. He was taken to Johnstown and then to the Cambria hospital, where Dr. W. B. Lowman attended him.

—George McGonigle, of Lilly, where he kept a little store was killed on the railroad near that place, on Monday night, his body being found alongside the railroad on Tuesday morning. No one witnessed the accident and it is not known how it happened.

Township and borough nominations this year should be made as early as possible, so as to allow the auditors plenty of time to have the tickets printed at home. In some counties the nominations will be made on the last Saturday in January. This is a good idea.

—H. B. Esterline, of Du Bois, formerly of Ebensburg, and Miss Sallie C. Hoover, of the same place, were married at Olean, N. Y., on Saturday. The groom is well known here, being clerk at the Mountain House during the time his father L. Esterline, was the proprietor.

—Township and borough auditors will soon be called upon to have the election tickets printed for their different districts. They should bear in mind that the FREEMAN has one of the best equipped printing establishments in the county, and is prepared to do the work on short notice.

—Mrs. J. P. Hickey, of Palmertown, Westmoreland county, was frozen to death on Wednesday. Her daughter who is employed in Irwin, went home and found her mother unconscious from the cold. A physician was summoned, who did all he could, but the unfortunate woman soon died.

—An insane Hungarian tried to commit suicide by throwing himself under a passing train at Johnstown on Wednesday. He was rescued before he succeeded in his rash undertaking by several of his countrymen who had followed him from his boarding house. His insanity was caused by typhoid fever.

—Hugo Wise, a tramp, was found in a box car at Latrobe, Saturday, almost frozen to death. Charles Fisher, another tramp, was also found lying on a coke oven at the Unity slope with his legs and feet so badly frozen that it is feared amputation will be necessary. Both unfortunates were taken to the county home.

—Joseph Barret, a brakeman employed at the P. R. R. yard at Bellwood, in attempting to board a car on Tuesday morning, jumped upon a loose stirrup and was thrown under the wheels, receiving injuries from which he died a few hours later. The deceased was a single man, aged 23 years, and his home was in Newport.

—A strange death overtook Barney Black, near Saltsburg. He was engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit coins, confining his operations principally to the manufacture of nickels. It was while he was engaged in making an amalgamation of brass and copper, using nitric acid in the work, that he was overcome by the fumes and before medical treatment could be secured he died.

—For the information of the editor of the *Mountaineer*, who is mentally disturbed for fear that the postoffice might be removed from business centers to Julian street we will mention the fact that the Government does not allow a postmaster to place the postoffice where he pleases against the business interests of the people. It takes a lunatic to think of putting the postoffice in Ebensburg on Julian street.

—Judge Dean, in delivering a lecture to the teachers of Blair county, entitled "Twenty Years on the Bench," said that during his judicial career he took over 2,500 verdicts in the Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon county courts, and sentenced 2,000 criminals to jail and penitentiary imprisonments. New trials were granted in only twenty instances. Three murderers were sentenced to capital punishment. He said he only knew of one innocent man who had been convicted.

—Mr. Isidore Lilly, of Munster township, former steward at the almshouse, has been seriously ill this winter, being subject to vertigo.

—Adam Henry, of Canoe township, Indiana county, while hauling logs, met with a painful accident. He was seated on the log sled when one of the runners slipped into a rut, the sudden jar throwing him from his seat to the ground, breaking his right leg above the ankle.

—Abram Jones, a former resident of Cambria township, and who for about twenty-five years prior to his leaving this county, owned the farm now owned by Mr. Martin Sanders, died in Iowa City, Iowa, on Friday, January 6, 1893, aged 98 years. Mr. Jones went to the West some time in the early sixties.

—Mr Robert Ferguson, of Blacklick township, will become a citizen of the West ward, of Ebensburg, after the 1st, of April next, occupying the property recently purchased by him and now occupied by Wm. H. Connell. It is also said to be his intention to erect one or two other houses on the ground.

—Ebensburg is still snow-bound, our branch having scarcely been opened up on Friday until it was closed again on Saturday. On Wednesday Foreman John Long received orders to suspend his employees until further notice which is an indication that there will be no effort made to open the road until the weather settles.

—Mr. Irvin Stineman, of South Fork, and Miss Nannie James were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund James, in this place, by Rev. E. E. Manly on Thursday evening of last week. We congratulate them on the consummation of their courtship and wish them a long, prosperous and happy life.

—On Monday afternoon the general store of J. W. Plummer, at Summerhill, was burned, and all except a few of the contents were consumed. The origin of the fire is not known. The loss is estimated at $3,000, and the proprietor holds an insurance policy for $2,000. The building which was a story and a half high, was a frame structure.

—On last Saturday the tannery of B. F. Pitts, at Cherrytree, caught fire in the drying room. In a few minutes the whole building would have been in flames, but the prompt action of those present arrested what might have proven a serious conflagration, for had the tannery burned nothing could have saved the dwelling houses on that street.

—It should be remembered that tickets nominated by "citizens' meetings" cannot be printed on the official ballots prepared by township or borough auditors. All nominations must be made under the auspices of an existing political party. If no nominations are certified to the auditors on or before February 11, no ticket can be elected and the officers will hold over.

—The source from which the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona receives its water supply being frozen, the company have been compelled to procure water from the river at Hollidaysburg, which is being transported in oil tanks. A siding and water tank are being constructed on the river bank at the viaduct, so that water can easily be obtained when necessary.

—Frank Oswald, a well-known butcher, of Lilly, was struck by a train on the railroad between Sonman and Portage, on Monday night and killed, his mangled body being found early on Tuesday morning, one arm and one leg being cut off and his body otherwise mutilated. He was about 27 years of age and unmarried, his home being in Johnstown where his mother, Mrs Charles Oswald, resides.

—The year 1893 came in on Sunday; lent begins February 15 and ends with Easter Sunday, April 2; Washington's birthday, February 22, is on Wednesday; St. Patrick's day, March 17, on Friday; Fourth of July on Tuesday; Labor day, Monday, September 4; Christmas, December 25, on Monday. There are but two eclipses of the sun—one April 19th, and the other October 9—neither visible in this portion of the earth.

—Some time ago we announced that we would be an applicant for the postoffice under Cleveland's administration. That there would be some opposition we had reason to expect, but we must confess that we were overcome on Thursday morning when we found the editor of the *Gosling* had thrown his weight against us. We realize that his influence, potential as it is, must be overcome, and whether we, like "truth, crushed to earth, will rise again," only time will determine. It is a stunner.

—One of the Cambria county exhibits in the Woman's Department of the Chicago Exposition will be a parlor easel, the work of the Sisters of Mercy of St. Aloysius Academy, Loretto. It stands about eight feet high and is composed of carved sections of cherry, mahogany, and chestnut woods. The decorative designs are mostly flowers and fruits, and carved in bold relief. Those who have seen the easel say it is a highly artistic and very unique piece of work. It will be forwarded to Chicago in a few days.

—The latest postoffice ruling is that the writer has the right to reclaim and regain possession of a letter providing he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent that he was the writer of it. Even after the letter has arrived at its destination, and before it is delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, it may be recalled by the writer by telegram through the mailing office. The reason assigned is that the United States is only the agent of the writer while the letter is in transit.

—Patrick Fleming, a plasterer by trade who had been on a protracted spree for a couple of months at Lilly, was severely burned at that place on Monday morning. Fleming was stopping at the Lilly House and about 6 o'clock in the morning he came down with his hands, face, body and clothing badly burned and reported his room on fire. It was with difficulty that the fire was extinguished and the building saved as the bed clothing was all on flames when the proprietor rushed up stairs. Fleming is in a dangerous condition and may not survive.

—The records in the department of internal affairs show that in Pennsylvania during the year ending June 30 last there were killed on the railroads of the state forty-two passengers. Of this number fourteen were killed in the wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near the Dock street bridge. The number of passengers injured during the year were 659. The total number injured was 8,820. The total number of passengers, employees and other persons killed was 1,489. The whole number of persons killed who were not passengers or railroad employees was 951. Of this number it is estimated that seventy-five per cent. lost their lives while lying on the railroad tracks while under the influence of liquor.

—Prof. Turner, of Boston, will give his illustrated lecture at Parochial Hall, Loretto, on Saturday evening, January 28, on "Germany and the Rhine," including views of north and south-eastern Europe and the cities of northern Italy. They include 120 of the finest views in the world. On Sunday evening, January 29th, Prof. Turner will give at the same place his illustrated lecture upon the "Passion Play," as produced by the peasants of Germany, at Oberammergau, Bavaria, every ten years, but with few interruptions, since 1680, representing the principal events in Christ's life, during the week which ended with His crucifixion, burial and resurrection. Doors open at 7; to commence at 7:30. Admission, 25 cents.

—A fatal wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad about a mile west of Latrobe at 2 o'clock on Monday morning by which Fireman George Litzinger, of Conemaugh, lost his life. A coal train was pulling out or about crossing the east-bound track when a section of the Fast Line came thundering along and struck the engine of the coal train. The engineer of the coal train, William Gettemy, of Conemaugh, escaped with a crushed arm, but his fireman, George Litzinger, was fastened under the engine and literally scalded to death by the escaping steam and water. He was still alive when taken out but died shortly after. He was about 35 years of age, a resident of Conemaugh, where he leaves a wife and two children. The engineer and fireman of Fast Line were also severely hurt. None of the passengers were seriously injured, though some were painfully bruised.

—Mr. John Garman, of this place, was summoned to the almshouse on Friday last to make some repairs to the engine that supplies that institution with water. Mr. Garman is pretty well up in years and cannot stand the cold as well as in his younger days. After working about the engine and getting pretty well chilled, he came to town and finished the job at Mahon & Jones' machine shop. He noticed on his way home that his legs were feeling numb but he had no doubt of his ability to walk to his home, which is on the outskirts of the town. When near home, however, he made a misstep and fell, and when he undertook to get up he could not get his legs to do their duty. Try as he would, they would not work, and he was finally compelled to shout for assistance. Luckily, his wife heard him, and with the assistance of Job Mills, a neighbor, he was helped home, where after getting warmed up, he was all right again.

—The editor of the Republican *Gosling* says Indiana county paid $4.68 per thousand for her Baker ballots. We don't doubt it—and something more. The editor of the *Gosling* at one time got ballots figured down to $1.98 per thousand, but then the *Gosling's* figures do not have the proverbial virtue that figures are said to have. The *Gosling's* figures will (instead of wont) lie. But to make it interesting we will agree to take ten thousand sheets of ballot paper, same as the ballots for this county were printed on, from the editor of the *Gosling* at $4.68 per thousand, cash on delivery, the cash to be deposited in Johnson, Buck & Co.'s bank in Ebensburg, subject to his order on delivery of the goods, within fifteen minutes after a notice of his acceptance, he to furnish an affidavit as to where he purchased the ballots and the price he paid for them. If the ballots can be printed for $4.68, what a profit he will have on the paper! This offer to stand good until the next issue of the *Mountaineer*.

Many go Blind.

The Curwensville (Clearfield county) *Review* says there is in that town a disease of the eyes which is generally attended with loss of sight and is becoming epidemic. Several months ago C. R. Norris while at work, suddenly lost the sight of his left eye, then C. A. Rorabaugh lost the sight of his left eye, and last week N. H. Heller was suddenly deprived of the sight of his left eye. Miss Flora Brown is also losing the sight of both eyes, and Mrs Wm. Dale is blind in one eye.

These are recent cases and are causing considerable alarm, as no one knows at what time they may be similarly affected. Another case is the nine-year-old son of the *Review* man, whose left eye is almost totally blind. While in Philadelphia recently, a noted specialist examined his eyes and announced that there was no hope for a restoration of the sight, but that the right eye was perfectly good and could be saved. In the case of Mr. Heller, while at work the sight of his left eye went out like a flash and has not yet returned. He experienced no pain nor does his eye pain him at any time.

Nearly Perished.

Druggist Harry Heffley, of Johnstown, had a thrilling experience, and one which he would not like to repeat, last Wednesday. He came to Somerset for the purpose of attending the sale at the home of his father, two and one-half miles north of town. One of his father's employes met him at the railroad station with a sleigh. They had not proceeded on their way more than a mile until Mr. Heffley became thoroughly chilled, the day being bitter cold and he being thinly clad. Thinking to warm himself he got out of the sleigh and run along behind for some distance. Finally the driver, believing Mr. Heffley would keep up with the sleigh, drove ahead at a lively gait and did not stop until he reached home. Mr. Heffley trudged along through the storm as best he could and many times thought he would have to give up and lie down in the snow to perish, in view of his father's house. He struggled bravely forward, however, and at last reached the house only to fall prostrate at the door. He was carried to a warm room where he soon revived.—*Somerset Herald.*

Sadly Afflicted.

Miss Lizzie Shaffer, whose mother resides in shade township, Somerset county, is now in the lunatic asylum, Harrisburg, the result of a sleighing accident, which occurred last Tuesday.

Miss Shaffer, who is a very pretty young lady, 22 years of age, was a passenger on day express east on Saturday, en route to Harrisburg. She was accompanied by her brother, who had her in charge.

On the day above mentioned, in company with a number of young people, she went out sleighing. On the way the sled was upset in a snow drift and the occupants thrown out. All suffered considerably, and Miss Shaffer was attacked with with a severe chill, which finally resulted in the loss of her reason, notwithstanding the efforts of medical attendants. The Johnstown physicians, by whom she was attended, believe that with proper treatment her reason will be again restored.

His Leg Cut Off.

Wesley Boyer, of Morrellville, lost a leg by an accident in the Cambria mill yards this (Tuesday) forenoon. It was about 10 o'clock that Boyer jumped off an engine, where he was employed and went to throw a switch.

In doing this he slipped and his left leg was thrown across the track just as the wheels of the car approached. It terribly crushed the member, the wheels passing over all the lower part of the leg. The injured man was taken to the Cambria hospital, where Dr. W. B. Lowman found it necessary to amputate the leg just below the knee.

Mr. Boyer has been employed in the Cambria mills for some time, but just had resumed his work on the railroad, which he had followed some time before. He is a son of George Boyer, of Morrellville, and is married, having a wife and several children.—*Johnstown Herald.*

Institute.

Program for county institute to be held in St. Augustine, January 21st, 1893, commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M.:

Educational papers, Agatha Wharton; Language, Stella Wills; How to Teach Current Events in School, Francina Ivory; Number Work, Stella Dunegan; How to Arrange a Program, Celie Dunegan; Orthography, B. O'Connor; The Teacher at Intermission, Annie Sprout; Writing, Maud Behe; Etiquette in School, Maggie Dunegan; Busy Work, Falista, Randal; Economy of Time, Mary Durbin.

List of Jurors.

Following is the list of grand and traverse jurors for March term of court:

GRAND JURORS.

Adams James A., steelworker, Johnstown.
Bonchamer, former, miner, East Reade township.
Bolsinger, J. S., plumber, Ebensburg.
Blunt, John, merchant, East Reade township.
Custer, John, farmer, Adams township.
Donahoe, F. N., liveryman, Hastings.
Eckenrode, Albert, merchant, Washington township.
Gore, William, mill hand, Morrellville.
Gittings, Thomas, farmer, Clearfield township.
Head, Albert, laborer, Johnstown.
Horner, Jeremiah, farmer, Adams township.
Horst, David, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Hetch, Charles, teamster, Washington township.
Hostettler, Abraham, farmer, Richland township.
Kist, Benjamin, hotel keeper, Johnstown.
Keedy, William L., mill hand, Westmont.
Munday, Elias farmer, Susquehanna township.
Parrish, James, farmer, Munster township.
Strayer Philip, carpenter, Johnstown.
Smith Daniel, baker, Johnstown.
Walters, Anderson, clerk, Johnstown.
White, William, laborer, Johnstown.
Wissinger, J. A., carpenter, Johnstown.
Warner, John C., farmer, White township.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Burkheimer, Michael, laborer, Franklin.
Blough, William A., foreman, Upper Yoder township.
Boetcher, Emil, policeman, Johnstown.
Buchanan, B. F., millhand, Johnstown.
Brown, Joseph, liveryman, Ebensburg.
Crum, J. F., farmer, Summerhill township.
Custer, J. C., farmer, Croyle township.
Cole, William, farmer, Richland township.
Emmil, John, Jr., laborer, Johnstown.
Fouch, Jonas, blacksmith, Adams township.
Gerstine, Jacob, laborer, Johnstown.
Garretson, Ben., millhand, Dale.
Glass, Winfield, blacksmith, Munster township.
Hildebrand, J. A., carpenter, South Fork.
Hopkins, Albert, miner, East Reade township.
Houck, Geo., farmer, Barr township.
Hill, B. F. milk merchant, Johnstown.
Imler, Gideon, carpenter, Portage.
Ilinger, John, plasterer, Johnstown.
Jones, Elsworth L., painter, Gallitzin.
Koons, James, farmer, Gallitzin township.
Kibbler, George, farmer, Elder township.
Kearney, S. F., clerk, Ghest Springs.
Kirsch, James, carpenter, Barr township.
King, James, clerk, Johnstown.
Kantner, Joseph, machinest, Johnstown.
Knox, Jacob, stonemason, Johnstown.
Kimmel, Elmer E., machinist, Johnstown.
Marsh, Uriah, blacksmith, Johnstown.
Miller, John H., bartender, Johnstown.
Miller, Charles F., farmer, Barr township.
Miller, Charles, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Murphy, Lawrence, Sr., farmer, Munster township.
Martin, Solomon B., teamster, Dale.
O'Dowd, Patrick, laborer, Tunnelhill.
Peterson, Jesse R., laborer, East Reade township.
Paul George S. merchant, Johnstown.
Reem William, laborer, Johnstown.
Rager, Martin, laborer, Johnstown.
Ribblett, Joshua, farmer, Portage.
Sipes, D. A., miller, Summerhill.
Seaman, D. G., blacksmith, Summerhill.
Shenk, Peter, laborer, Adams township.
Shaffer, Charles, butcher, Dale.
Sheridan, Harry, clerk, Lower Yoder township.
Stiffler, John, laborer, West Taylor township.
Shaffer, Geo. M., laborer, Conemaugh.
Thomas, Ivory, millhand, Johnstown.
Weil, W. H., rigger Johnstown.
Westover, M. C., liveryman Hastings.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Arble Fred., farmer, Carroll township.
Aupie, John, laborer, Lower Yoder township.
Adams, Edward K., bill-collector, Johnstown.
Bryan, David A. laborer Johnstown.
Bush, George, millhand, Johnstown.
Brallier, L. K., butcher, West Taylor township.
Bracken, William, laborer, West Taylor township.
Baker, John, miner, Carroll township.
Coleman, Henry, farmer, Summerhill township.
Custer, David, engineer, East Conemaugh borough.
Clark, Samuel, laborer, Morrellville.
Cover, Frank, carpenter, Johnstown.
Douglass, Stephen A., farmer, Clearfield township.
Davis, Thomas G., farmer, Cambria township.
Duggan Hugh, farmer, Portage.
Davis, Benjamin L., merchant, Morrellville.
Esterly, John, carpenter, Morrellville.
Edwards, Edward, merchant, Lilly.
Eaker, Joseph, baker, Gallitzin.
Geis, Philip J., butcher, Hastings.
Gill, John G., blacksmith, Chest township.
Hampsprger, S. J., editor, South Fork.
Hall, George, farmer, Allegheny township.
Huebner, Jacob, machinest, Johnstown.
Horner, Cyrus P., laborer, Johnstown.
Haag, Oscar M., butcher, Johnstown.
Ivory, Luke, laborer, Loretto.
Ite, John, farmer, Portage.
Jones, John R., farmer, Munster township.
Kroetel, George, druggist, Johnstown.
Lafley, Mark, laborer, Johnstown.
Lowry, B. S., laborer, Johnstown.
Lomison, Harvey, roliturner, Dale.
Pringle, Joseph W., farmer, Croyle township.
Plummer Caleb, miner, Portage.
Palmer, William, laborer, Upper Yoder township.
Palmer, William A., steelworker, Morrellville.
Pribek, Conrad, musician, Johnstown.
Patterson, William, draymen, Johnstown.
Parr, John J., millhand, Johnstown.
Read, Henry, saborer, Johnstown.
Rubrtz, Jacob, teamster, Franklin.
Short, George W., carpenter, Lilly.
Sheridan William, clerk Lower Yoder township.
Stewart, Alex G., mill hand, Johnstown.
Varner, Geo. W., carpenter, Johnstown.
Varner, Jacob C., farmer, Adams township.
Wilderson, Harry, brakeman, Conemaugh.
Wentroob, F. P., clerk, Wilmore.
Waltz, B. J., clerk, Hastings.

New License Rules.

And now, Jan. 16th, 1893, the following rules regulating the proceedings in regard to applications for license are adopted and made part of the rules of court:

1. The third Monday in February is fixed as the time for hearing applications for license, but all licenses shall date from the third Monday in March.

2. All applications for license shall be filed in the Clerk's office at least three weeks before the third Monday in February, and all remonstrances, counter petitions, etc., against granting such licenses shall be filed in the same office before the second Monday in February, and all supplemental petitions in favor of any application shall be filed before third Monday in February, and no papers will be examined by the Court unless filed as provided for.

3. All supplemental petitions and remonstrances must be accompanied by the affidavit of some equitable person or persons setting forth that the affiant was present when the persons whose names are attached affixed their own signatures, or authorized some one named in the affidavit, to sign their names for them.

4. Depositions may be taken by either applicants or remonstrants at any time after the application has been filed and before the third Monday in February on forty-eight hours' notice to the other side. No depositions taken at the house of any applicant will be heard.

5. Applicants who have not been licensed the preceding year will in every instance be required to be in court when their applications are taken up.

6. Applications for transfer of licenses may be presented on any motion day during a regular term of court or at Argument court provided such petition shall have been on file in the Clerk's office at least three weeks before presentation, and notice has been given by publication in the manner prescribed for original applications; and provided further that the requirements of notice and publication shall not apply to petitions for transfer presented by the children or personal representatives of deceased licensee. No application for transfer, except in the case of a deceased licensee, will be considered between the last motion day of any regular December term and the day fixed for hearing applications in the following year.

7. Rules 7, 8, 9 and 10 relating to licenses are hereby abrogated, except that part of rule 8 referring to the form of petitions.

J. C. DARBY, Clerk. A. V. BARKER, President Judge

January 20, 1893.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, January 18, 1893:

Washington Irving Stineman, South Fork, and Nannie M. James, Ebensburg.

W. W. Porch and Lydia C. McClelland, Johnstown.

John Oravec and Helena Vogtila, Johnstown.

Andy Benya and Annie Bucsak, Johnstown.

James A. Woods, Hopewell, Bedford county, and Sarah A. Wadsworth, Summerhill.

Charles R. Phipps and Polly Menocher, Johnstown.

John E. Hampton, South Fork, and Ella M. Shartz, Wilmore.

Charles R. Stocking and A. E. Keyser, Johnstown.

Philip J. Garrigan an Katie G. Burns, Gallitzin.

James A. Finan and Ann Gill, Johnstown.

John Duck and Sophia Wilcoonaugh, Johnstown.

William H. Watts and Martha I. Wilt, Tunnelhill.

H. W. Altemus, Pittsburg, Pa., and Elizabeth Fulton, Johnstown.

William B. Douglass, Ashville, and Amanda M. Coleman, Altoona, Pa.

Conrad Landgraf and Sophia Miller, Carroll township.

The Use and Abuse of Whiskey

This subject could be dwelt upon to a considerable length and yet much remain untold, but all agree that the use, the proper use of pure rye whskey is an absolute necessity, especially so now, when nature insists upon being stimulated. All regular physicians prescribe rye whiskey, and justly claim that Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Whiskies are most reliable. They do this not only because they have tried them, but because the leading hospitals use them—find them the best stimulants in the world. Silver age sells for $1.50 and Duquesne for $1.25 per full quart.

For sale by J. Ludwig & Son, Johnstown.

BALTZELLS'

WE have made a record of heavy sales for the past few days, exceeding any of our former efforts in this line to a degree extremely gratifying.

What is the reason? First class, RELIABLE goods and truly wonderfully low prices.

Over 800 Trimmed Hats for ladies and children sold in less than a week and like Oliver Twist the call is still far more. Why is this? Because any one can see with half an eye that such bargains were nevered in this city before. "Think of it, won't you?" A new style, freshly trimmed hat in good taste for NINETEEN CENTS.

That is what we are offering you to-day. Come and see them and be surprised. Trimmed Hats at 19c. Trimmed Hats at 25c. Trimmed Hats at 39c. Trimmed Hats at 49c. A Beautiful Hat for 98c A Pretty Hat for 89c. Stylish Hats for 65 and 75c. Hats for the million and something for all as you can see in the windows and at the stocking booth.

Black Cashmere Gloves for ladies only 19c.; former price 25c. Mocco Mittens, fur tops, in black and colors, reduced from $1.75 to $1.50. Yarn Mittens, heavy, 35c. Misses' Mocco Mittens, 50c. Wool Mittens, 15c.

At the MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT the bargains are increasing thick and fast.

Those who want Ginghams and Wash Dreses should take a look at our Cotton Serges, very pretty and in several digerent patterns, reduced from 12½ to 5c. a yard. Grand Bargains. Dress Goods in different qualities and light and dark shades reduced from 12½, and 14c. to 8 and 10c.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN, THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6.

$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $6 to $7.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, EBENSBURG, PA.
ma27.5m

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb590. Lilly, Penna

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Martin Pringle, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
Having been appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to ascertain to whom the amounts due parties in interest under recognizances in partition proceedings in the estate of said decedent, and to report a distribution of the amount to be paid to the parties in interest, notice is hereby given that I will sit at the Attorney's Room in the Court House at Ebensburg on **Wednesday, February 1st, 1893,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL,
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 16 1892. Auditor

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE
Estate of Christian Bopp, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Christian Bopp, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are he eby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MRS. PHILLIPINE BENDER,
Executrix.
Summit P. O., Cambria Co., Pa.
J. F. McKENRICK,
Attorney for estate,
Ebensburg, Penna. [dec9

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the Estate of John Noon, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to Michael Noon, resident of Carroll township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

MICHAEL NOON,
Executor of James Noon, Deceased.
Carroll Twp., Pa., Oct. 25, 1892.

PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell at Private Sale in Lilly borough, Cambria county, Pa., his Hotel, with Brewery attached; Two Ice Houses, Stable, and all necessary Outbuildings on the premises. The House is licensed now. For further particulars call on or address the proprietor, THEODORE SELL.
Lilly, Pa., Oct 24, 1892.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

FABULOUS

REDUCTION - SALE !

OF { DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, FURNITURE, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c.,

—At the Store of—

ORTH & CO.,

Successors to Simon & Co.

We take pleasure in announcing to the people of Gallitzin and Cambria County that we have purchased the store conducted by Simon & Co. and assure you to continue the same method of fair dealing as done by the former firm. Trusting to receive your patronage, we are

Yours Respectfully,
ORTH & CO.

To reduce the stock we bought and make plenty of room for the Spring Stock we have cut prices on all goods independent of their cost. Read and reflect!

33⅓ Per Cent. Reduction

On our Dry Goods.

We have about 25 Dress Patterns and Great Variety of Dress Goods which we will sacrifice at half of their value.

SUITS and OVERCOATS

For Men, Boys and Children at great sacrifices. You can buy a Suit and an Overcoat for the regular price of one of these articles.

We make special efforts to increase our Shoe Trade and to reduce the stock, we sell

Men's Dress Shoes at $1.24,
Former Price, $1.75.

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, $2.00; former price, $3.50. Men's Leather Boots, about 100 pairs, all sizes, at one-half price.

Boys Strong Shoes, 90c.,
Former Price, $1.25.

50 Pairs
MEN'S TOP SOLE BROGANS, 99C.,
Former Price, $1.25.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Shoes at $1.25; former price, $1.75.

100 Pairs
LADIES' SHOES,
Sold at $2.50, $3.00 and $4.00,
We Will Sacrifice in Order to Clear Out the Stock, at $1.75.

Buy your GROCERIES from us. They are Reliable for the Best Quality.

Come to our store and be convinced that we sell you goods as advertised. We are strangers in town, but will treat you like friends, and you shall be our friends after you have dealt with us.

ORTH & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO SIMON & CO.,
Largest and Most Reliable Store, GALLITZIN, PENNA.

B. & B.

Shelf-Clearing Prices.

THE KIND THAT HAVE BEEN PUT UPON STOCK IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Medium and Fine
Dress Goods and Silks,
Jackets, Wraps, Furs,
and Fur Garments,
All at unprecedented prices.

Special values are
IMPORTED SUITINGS,
All desirable colors, double width—38 inches—75c. and $1.00 they were, all to go at
50C. A YARD.

IMPORTED FLANNELS.
Strips and Plaids—over 50 styles—regular 60c. ones, at
25C. A YARD.

Come or write OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT for samples of all Dress Goods and Silks before buying elsewhere. If we don't save you money, we'll not expect your patronage.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from ..... 50c. up.
Team Bridles, from ..... $1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from ..... 90c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from ..... $6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from ..... $10.00 up.

Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'91

H. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - PA.
Office on Centre street.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA
TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT
JOHN McCONNELL'S,
1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

OVERCOATS !

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL,
ALTOONA, PENNA.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned will expose to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1893,

at two o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or part of ground situate in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, fronting on Horner street and adjoining lot of J. A. Shoemaker on the east and Beech alley on the west, and having thereon erected a two-storied

FRAME HOUSE

and STABLE and all necessary OUTBUILDINGS, all in good state of repair.

This is one of the most desirable properties for sale in Eb

GOTHAM'S DIALECT.

Peculiarities of Pronunciation Observed in New York.

Strangers in the Great City Are at Once Detected by Their Speech—The Peculiar Habit Formed in Public Schools.

How many persons know that New York city has a dialect of its own, and one that it maintains in purity by teaching it in the public schools? says a correspondent of the Providence Journal. Many persons have commented on the precision with which a New Yorker can spot a stranger the instant the stranger undertakes to pronounce the names of the principal streets in the town. We call it Broadway, emphasizing the last syllable very strongly. It appears to be quite a trick to do this and it is evidently an unnatural pronunciation, for we notice that the very great majority of strangers say broadwah. So we spot them on the instant and ask them from what part of the country they hail, just to show them that there is something about them that is not cityfied, and to set them puzzling about whether it is in the shape of their hat or the style of their shoes, or what it is. People from the south betray the fact by calling our Houston street "Hewston street," as that name is pronounced from Texas to the Chesapeake, but we play as strange a trick with another name: for we call Coenties slip "Quiney slip." As no one would do that naturally we detect strangers by that pronunciation. The name of Hoboken is another that we trifle with, calling it Habbocken, instead of as we should. But in ways and by words other than these I can pick out a New Yorker anywhere that he and I may meet, whether it be in Boston or in the Rocky mountains. I can do this by noticing how he pronounces the "ur" sound in such words as birth, bird, earth, heard, etc. All the rest of the country pronounce those words burth, burd, urth and hurd. Not so the New Yorker. He is carefully taught not to do so in all the public schools, as well as by his parents at home. The queer little twist that enters so largely into our language in marring one of the cardinal sounds that compose it is thus expressed by our tongues: Ur-yith is how we say earth; bur-yid is how we say bird. We say hur-yid for heard and mur-yid-der for murder. All of us who were born in New York have heard the public school-teacher insisting upon this peculiar twist; commanding the pupils to put on the trade mark as fighting men once wore the coat of arms of their feudal masters. Most of us, too, have heard nice, careful little girls on the way home from school correcting careless companions by insisting that "you musint say burd; you must say it nicely, bur-yid."

Of all the senseless and unmusical and bad things that are done to English that is one of the worst, because one expects to hear a language at its best in the greatest city of a country, and thither foreigners repair to study English and then prepare to go back home and teach it with a whole lot of little tricks like that in their heads, to be solemnly taught and scattered, until no one knows where the mischief will end. Of course, I do not want the reader to understand that very nice people murder the langnage in these or any other ways, but the great masses of New Yorkers, those who get their learning in the public schools and whose tongues were trained in old New York homes of the middle class—these are the victims of this peculiar habit.

WORK IN A SWEAT SHOP.

How It Is Conducted in Chicago—The Miserable Wages Paid.

The Chicago sweat shop is a place where, separate from the tailoring or clothing warehouse, a "sweater" (middleman) assembles journeymen tailors and needlewomen, to work under his supervision. He takes a cheap room outside the dear and crowded business center, and within the neighborhood where the work people live. This is rent saved to the employer and time and travel to the employed. The men can and do work more hours than was possible under the centralized system, and their wives and children can help, especially when, as is often done, the garments are taken home to "finish." (Even the very young can pull out the basting threads.) This "finishing" is what remains undone after the machine has done its work, and consists of "felling" the waist and leg-end of trousers (paid at 1½ cents a pair), and, in short, all the "felling" necessary on every garment of any kind. For this service, at the prices paid, they cannot, according to Scribner, earn more than 25 cents to 40 cents a day, and the work is largely done by Italian, Polish and Bohemian women and girls.

The entire number of persons employed in these vocations may be stated at 5,000 men (of whom 800 are Jews), and from 20,000 to 23,000 women and children. The wages are reckoned by "piecework," and (outside the "finishing") run about as follows: Girls, handsewers, earn nothing for the first month, then as unskilled workers they get $1 to $1.50 a week; $3 a week, and as skilled workers, $6 a week. The first named class constitute 50 per cent. of all, the second 30 per cent. and the last 20 per cent. In the general work men are only employed to do buttonholing and pressing, and their earnings are as follows: "Pressers," $8 to $12 a week; "underpressers," $4 to $7. Cloak operators earn $8 to $12 a week. Four-fifths of the sewing machines are furnished by the "sweaters" (middlemen); also needles, thread and wax.

WELL UP IN YEARS.

BUEDINGER, in Hesse, Germany, boasts of a laborer who has celebrated his 101st birthday.

AMONG Sir William Harcourt's supporters at Derby were two voters said to be 102 and 103 years of age.

DAVID WADE, of Enterprise, Ky., has been married to Mrs. Elizabeth Garvin at Williston, O. Their ages aggregate 182 years. The bridegroom has passed the century mark.

NO DEATH has occurred in the family of Rev Samuel Wakefield, of Latrobe, Pa., in 61 years. He is in his 94th year; his wife is a few years his junior; they were married in 1821, and have ten children.

MRS. ELIZABETH STANTON died a few days ago in Patton township, Center county, Pa., at the age of 117 years. She was of American-Indian stock, and was famed for feats of strength and endurance in her old age.

A Choice Recipe.

There is a choice recipe, in which the owl figures, to "make anyone that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask," given in "Physick for the Poor," published in London in 1657. It says that you are to "take the heart of an owle and his left leg, and put that upon the breast of one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal whatsoever thou shall ask them." The Hindus, however, declare that the flesh or blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

A Woman's Back.

It is the mainspring of her life.

What can she do, where can she go, so long as that deadly *backache* saps every particle of her strength and ambition?

She cannot walk, she cannot stand; her housework is a burden; the hours behind the counter or in the factory are crushing; she is miserable.

The cause is some derangement of the uterus or womb. The *backache* is *the sure symptom.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* is the one unfailing remedy. A woman discovered it and gave it to women. A woman reads your letter and gives you a woman's sympathy and help. Thousands send letters grateful for physical salvation. The same salvation is for you. Don't hesitate.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Letter Pills, 25c.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masero, Basutoland (S. Africa), March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

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Stop that Chronic Cough Now!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. *For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after the test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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MAKE HENS LAY
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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.

It's absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. One large can saved me $40, send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. **If you can't get it send to us. Ask first.** Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs $1. Large 24 lb. can, by mail, $1.25. Six large cans, $5, express prepaid. Sample copy of **The Best Poultry Paper** sent Free. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c.) and large can $1.50. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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MAPPING THE WORLD.

A Project in Which All Nations Have Willingly Entered.

At the geographical congress at Berne a year ago Prof. Penck proposed the publication of a map of the entire world on a universal scale of one in 1,000,000, or about sixteen statute miles to the inch, the various nations to take part in the production of the map. The proposition was favorably entertained, and a committee was appointed to take steps for its realization. The geographers of various nations on the whole have received the idea with favor, and there seems to be no doubt that the map will be produced.

Each sheet of the map up to 60 degrees north latitude will embrace five degrees in each direction. The more northern sheets will embrace ten degrees of longitude. The representation of the whole earth, including the sea, will require 936 of these sheets, while the land alone may be shown on 769 sheets. It is proposed to give great attention to the physical and political features. Dr. Ravenstein, the English mapmaker, says that the rivers will be in blue and the hills in brown. Contour lines will be drawn at elevations of 100, 200, 500 and 1,000 meters, and the areas inclosed by them are to be tinted. It is expected that sheets which deal with countries already topographically surveyed will be engraved on copper. The remaining sheets will probably be lithographed.

The Greenwich meridian will be accepted for the entire map, says the New York Sun, and all altitudes are to be marked in meters. The official spelling of all countries using the Latin alphabet is to be retained. Other alphabets are to be transliterated in accordance with a system to be agreed upon, while names in unwritten languages will be spelled phonetically. It is estimated that the cost of an edition of 1,000 copies of this map, showing only the land surface, will be $957,190, and as the sale of the first edition at 2 shillings a sheet would produce only $478,595 the deficit would be made up by the governments concerned or by liberal private patrons.

Prof. Ravenstein says he sees nothing Utopian in the scheme. Difficulties may arise as to the spelling of the names and the introduction of the meter, but the essential thing to his mind was the introduction of a uniform scale.

HAMMER-HEAD SNAKE.

California Comes to the Front With a New Discovery.

A letter from Dr. E. E. Brown says he and party have made a most wonderful discovery up in King's River canyon, says the Selma Irrigator. In crossing a small creek they came to a beautiful canyon or basin of about three acres of level meadows, surrounded by perpendicular walls some three hundred feet high. A fine stream of cold, clear water was flowing into the little meadow, but there seemed to be no outlet. There was no way of getting down into the valley, but quail and rabbits seemed to inhabit the little basin.

A pair of opera glasses brought to light a number of snakes basking in the sun on a flat rock. They were one to three feet in length, and had heads shaped exactly like a blacksmith's hammer. While the party were examining with the glasses the maneuvers of a number of the snakes crawling through the grass, a very large one was noticed making a sneak on a cotton tail rabbit. When within about two feet of the rabbit the snake stiffened the front half of its body and bent into a right angle. Then his snakeship straightened out suddenly, bringing the rabbit a swinging blow on the side of its head which laid bunny out completely.

Another snake was observed to creep onto a quail sitting on a scrubby tree. This snake twisted about four inches of its tail along a limb of the tree and used all the rest of its body for a hammer and handle to whack the quail on the head such a stinging blow that it died without a flutter of its wings. The snake seemed to have the wonderful power of lengthening its body out nearly double its normal length and as small as a whalebone whip, the heavier part being next to the part wrapped around the tree.

After killing the quail and rabbit the snake hammered the body into a pulp, bones and all, with its head, and then swallowed the whole business. The swallowing showed that the hammer part of the head could be laid back out of the way while the swallowing was done.

Every effort possible with the appliances they had with them was made to get one of the snakes, but they failed. Dr. Brown says in his letter that he will have one of these snakes to exhibit at the world's fair if it is possible.

FUN ON THE FLY.

IT isn't the "flighty" poet who is responsible for all the fugitive verses.—Boston Courier.

IF any young man wants to find out what the wild waves are saying let him go to sea.—Picayune.

A BIG man groans most when he gets sick because there is more of him to suffer.—Atchison Globe.

"WELL, I'll be kicked," as the football said when he heard that the college had opened.—Buffalo Express.

"ANYTHING new on foot?" "Yes." "What is it?" "Our baby. He's just learned to walk."—Lawrence American.

THE women are now permitted to vote on the Isle of Man, and will probably change the name of the place if they can muster a majority.—Dallas News.

"WILL you have another cup of coffee?" the landlady asked the boarder. He shook his head. "The spirit is willing," he said, "but the coffee is weak."—N. Y. Press.

"WELL," said the good-natured man, as he sat in the restaurant, "that is a most accommodating waiter. He probably thinks I am not hungry, and is waiting for me to get an appetite."—Washington Star.

MAUD—"Miss Flynt is to be married in great style Tuesday night." Agnes—"Who is the lucky man?" "I can't just recall his name, but it is the one she isn't going to marry."—Inter Ocean.

"PARKER'S fire insurance policy covered the coal in his cellar, and the other day, just for a joke, he put in a claim for all the coal he'd burned." "What did the company do?" "Had Parker arrested for arson."—N. Y. Sun.

Peculiarities of Lisbon Girls.

Miss Batcheller, daughter of the American minister to Portugal, says that the Lisbon girls are beautiful and attractive, but are very closely guarded, never appearing unattended in the street and rarely being seen on foot. Carriage driving of a decorous kind is a favorite amusement, but the girl who follows the queen's example and appears on horseback is regarded as very advanced in her ideas. The girls play a little tennis in summer, dance and play cards for amusement in winter. They are rarely invited to formal dinners, as their parents are, but appear at the opera. The chief delight of these delicately-bred and carefully-guarded maidens is the great bull fight at Cintra, which a most unconventional American girl, who carries her own latchkey and travels alone in the plebean, democratic street car, would scarcely have the nerve to witness, much less to enjoy the horrible spectacle.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

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all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause come to poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. **Be up and doing!** Improve your opportunity, and success, prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." Here shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise, that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of individual people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The chance of a lifetime for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are making money. $5 a day and upwards can be made at it. You can give your whole time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is compactly new and readily understood. We instruct, and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Delay is dear. Address at once **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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HOUSES WITHOUT NAILS.

Japanese Government Structures at the World's Fair.

Jolly men from Nippon land are hard at work at Jackson park. They work hard because the Japanese government headquarters must be completed for the opening of the exposition, and the time is short for the undertaking.

Something about the quaint costumes, the good nature of the workers, the peculiar forms of the structures under way drew the crowd of visitors to the north end of the island to watch the proceedings.

The toilers are as picturesque as a bit of old Japan can be. They were at work on a temporary house that looked like a joke. The timbers were solid enough but there wasn't a nail in the whole affair. The cross-pieces were fastened with pieces of jute rope. The carpenters used no ladders of any sort, but climed from ground to top and back again with the agility of professional trapezists. The men who worked aloft had bunches of rope about their waists, with which they fastened the timbers passed up to them.

Over in another corner of the inclosure, which prevents the workmen from being overrun by spectators, is a shed full of curiosities. There are planes that look like toy tools and that are drawn toward the workman instead of being pushed from him. The adzes have long, curved handles and broad, curved blades. When the Japanese carpenter wants to cut with his adz he holds the end of the curved handle with both hands, turns the blade edge upward and chops as briskly as if he really were working the right way instead of upside down. But the handsaws are the great curios of the collection. They are about as long as a butcher's cleaver and the teeth are set with a slant toward the handle, which is only a strong round piece of wood bound to the saw with a fiber wrap.

For all their implements seem but toys the men achieve surprising results. They already have the foundations of the three Japanese temples ready for the upright columns and were busy assorting the finished material that was shipped from Japan to go into the superstructure. The working costumes of the men were as curious as their implements. A blue-colored cap with ear mufflers, a heavy blouse over a tight-fitting shirt; trousers that would do beautifully for bicycling, they fit so close; felt or cloth shoes, some with flapping soles, and all devoid of heels—that is the garb of the laborer from chrysanthemum land.

Watching the Japanese at their work, one can understand why they captivate the foreigners who visit their country. With all the urgency of the contract, there is an amazing absence of foremen of loud commands and violent imprecation. The laborers move about as serenely as if it were a pleasure to work. When they address each other it is with an inflection of courtesy and good nature that would drive an American "boss" into frantic suspicion of an impending strike. While the artist was sketching some of the men, the others quit work long enough to pass judgment on the sketches and then went back to sorting timbers as though such pauses were the proper thing, even in a rush.

AFRICAN IRONMASTERS.

Artistic Workmen Sometimes Found in the Heart of the Dark Continent.

The Balubans, as the natives of the Muansanyomma district of central Africa are styled, enjoy an excellent local reputation as ironworkers. They find their crude material in the form of bog iron ore on the surface of the land. It rarely happens that digging to any appreciable depth is necessary. The smelting furnaces, which are constructed of clay, are described by London Iron as from six to ten feet high, from forty to sixty inches in diameter at the base and conical in shape. The ore is tipped into the furnace from above, the charcoal, on the other hand, is introduced into basin-like side openings, which also receive a continuous air blast, while the iron and slag are removed from the bottom of the furnace about every eight or twelve hours, according to the degree of heat obtained. The forge is a circular building, some sixteen feet in diameter, with a pointed roof and open side. At a distance it might be taken for a park band stand. In the center of this hut is the fire, which is maintained in constant activity by means of a unique pair of bellows, which merit a special description. They consist of a block of wood, generally twenty inches long, hollowed out and fitted with a funnel head made out of clay. At the lower end are two orifices, over which skins are stretched. Motion is imparted to the instrument by the action of two small rods. The hammer is of solid iron; the tongs are marvels of simplicity—to-wit: A bent palm branch. An iron wedge driven into a timber hole serves as an anvil.

The recollections of the Balubans carry them back to the time when they wrought metals with stone tools. Some of the natives are comparatively artistic workers. Very fine axes, tastefully inlaid with copper, are produced. Strikes among these swarthy artificers, it should be noted, are of comparatively rare occurrence, probably owing to the fact that the malcontents invariably have their heads lopped off and their skins placed on one side for patching, or in case of need entirely recovering the aforesaid curious bellows.

One Jockey's Reward.

Not only their poets and philosophers, a Tennyson, an Owen, their statesmen and public benefactors, but also their jockeys are, by the Britishers, esteemed worthy of public adoration and munificent gifts. John Osborne is one of the oldest jockeys, being sixty years old, and having been for forty-five years engaged on the different race grounds of the kingdom. He won the Derby on Pretender in 1869; the two thousand guineas cup on Prince Charlie in 1872, and the Saint Leger prize on Apology in 1874. On his retirement he was invited to a public celebration, and offered a purse of eighteen thousand dollars, accompanied by speeches made by Sir Charles Russell, the famous attorney and member of the present liberal government, and by J. H. Houldsworth, deacon of the Jockey club. Among those present at this curious meeting may be further named James Lowther, well known as member of parliament and ex-minister of state.

AN ODD CREATURE.

The Laughing Jackass and Its Peculiar Song.

The great oddity at the Golden Gate park, San Francisco, is the laughing jackass, which has an apartment all to himself. He doesn't look a bit like a humorist, but he looks so homely and cocks his head in such a strangely solemn way that everybody laughs at seeing him. Some of the park employes caught a slim little snake two feet long one afternoon and it was thrown alive into the laughing jackass' big cage. The bird pounced on the snake with a thrill of joy in his heart, and, grabbing it behind the head, he quickly thrashed the life out of it against the sides of the cage.

Then he started in at the snake's head and swallowed it all. After giving a few extra swallows of satisfaction he expressed his thanks with a hoarse, loud "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" that was about as musical as his physiognomy is beautiful. Superintendent McLaren was visibly touched by the lonely bird's gratitude for an act of kind-

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSBURG & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect December 20, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 a m	Harrisburg Ac	9 23 a m
Western Exp.	4 45 a m	Southern Exp.	6 30 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 24 a m	Mail	9 28 a m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Mail	4 25 p m	Altoona Exp.	1 09 p m
Way Pass.	2 36 p m	Mail Exp.	5 17 p m
		Phila Exp.	8 32 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Dis tance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. P M	No. 3. P M
Ebensburg		7 40	10 55	3 25
Bradley	7 0	7 50	10 51	3 44
Kaylor	4 8	7 56	10 58	3 50
Noel	6 1	8 03	10 58	3 56
Munson	7 8	8 09	10 41	4 08
Lucky 1	9 6	8 15	10 45	4 16
Cresson	11 3	8 20	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Dis tance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. P M	No. 3. P M
Cresson		9 30	11 10	5 27
Lucket	1 7	9 35	11 20	5 30
Munster	3 8	9 40	11 24	5 37
Noel	5 3	9 44	11 35	5 45
Kaylor	6 5	9 47	11 41	5 47
Bradley	8 3	9 52	11 47	5 57
Ebensburg	11 3	10 10	12 01	6 10

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

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MONTANA'S QUEER MINE.

It Closes Its Own Mouth When It Is Raining.

The Narrow Escape of One of the Mine's Owners Who Went Down Below During a Rainstorm—A Natural Wonder.

Recent reference to the natural wonders of Montana, particularly the chicken broth and biddy-tea which belongs to light eaters of that latitude, says the Omaha Bee, calls to mind Boyle's wonderful virgin mine in Beaverhead county passes the 1,000 foot of donite into the sunlight of heaven. It is backed by reign affluence, and Edwards cost one dollar and a half to Montana. The colonel and his partner did not confine themselves to the They discovered a mountain of alum in the Beaverhead range.

The discovery was considered a strike and better than a gold mine. They kept the find a secret for a few weeks, during which a shaft was sunk to the depth of two hundred feet. The first cut was made all the way down in solid vein of alum, and it was estimated that the whole mountain was composed of it. A large force of men was heaped near the mine to fill the first shipment and the miners had a big job to load the market with the product. Alum and rasc in one million dollar lots did not fell scoop. The other day the colonel and partner went to town to lay in a supply of grub and the former remained behind to guard the treasure.

During the morning a heavy rain began to fall and continued all day, and in the afternoon the colonel made a move to go down into the mine, making the descent by sliding down the rope and when once down at the bottom was to be taken up with a contemplation of his novel and wonderful mine that he did not heed the fleeting hours until he happened to cast his eyes upward and saw that daylight had faded from the mouth of the shaft. He started to climb upward, but had not proceeded more than half way when to his horror he discovered that the heavy fall of rain had so thoroughly saturated the alum sides of the shaft that as a natural result they had drawn together until the hole was scarcely large enough for a man to crawl through.

The imprisoned man recognized his awful position, and without losing much time struggled toward the top of the shaft. Every foot he advanced the shaft became smaller, and for the last few feet he was compelled to dig his way up with a pocket-knife, and when he finally reached the surface he was completely exhausted, his clothes were torn and his body badly bruised. The rain was still falling, which soon revived the colonel, and he started toward the camp to meet his partner, to whom he related his marvelous experience. Together they returned to their mine, or at least tried to, for although they searched for two days they were unable to find any sight of their late possession. The rain had undoubtedly thoroughly and tightly closed up the discovery shaft and melted away every sign of the pile on the outside, so that to-day time it has been impossible to find any trace of the mine.

WALLED IN BY CORAL.

Natives Found on the Hidden Plateau of a Very Little Island.

A curious discovery has been made on the island of Kitaba, one of the Trobriand group, off the northeastern coast of New Guinea. A great many sailors passing this little island have imagined that it had no inhabitants because they saw no evidence of human occupation. Sir William McGregor, the administrator of British New Guinea, says the island has an area of only five or six square miles.

On all sides it presents a low and slightly sloping margin, usually about a quarter of a mile broad, covered by heavy timber. Within is a precipitous coral wall, which can be ascended only at a few places. The bank rises to a height of three hundred to four hundred feet. Once at the top the visitor finds within this wall a plateau which occupies the whole of the center of the island and is from fifty to one hundred feet below the coral wall surrounding it.

There about one thousand natives live and till their gardens. The rich, chocolate-colored soil yields them an ample supply of food. They are completely protected from the wind by the rocky rim that incloses their plateau. The island seems to have been at a time which was lifted above the sea several hundred feet, so that the atoll ring now forms the coral wall surrounding the plateau. On this elevated and almost inaccessible plain are thirteen villages, each of which contains over twenty houses.

Sir William McGregor says the natives gave him a most pleasant reception. He found it difficult to travel through some villages on account of the yams, cocoanuts, mats and other articles that were laid down before him for his acceptance. There are no intertribal hostilities, and it is not possible for the natives of other islands to oppress the people, because on their plateau, naturally fortified as it is, they are inaccessible to hostile tribes